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SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

BY

CHARLES A. KEELER

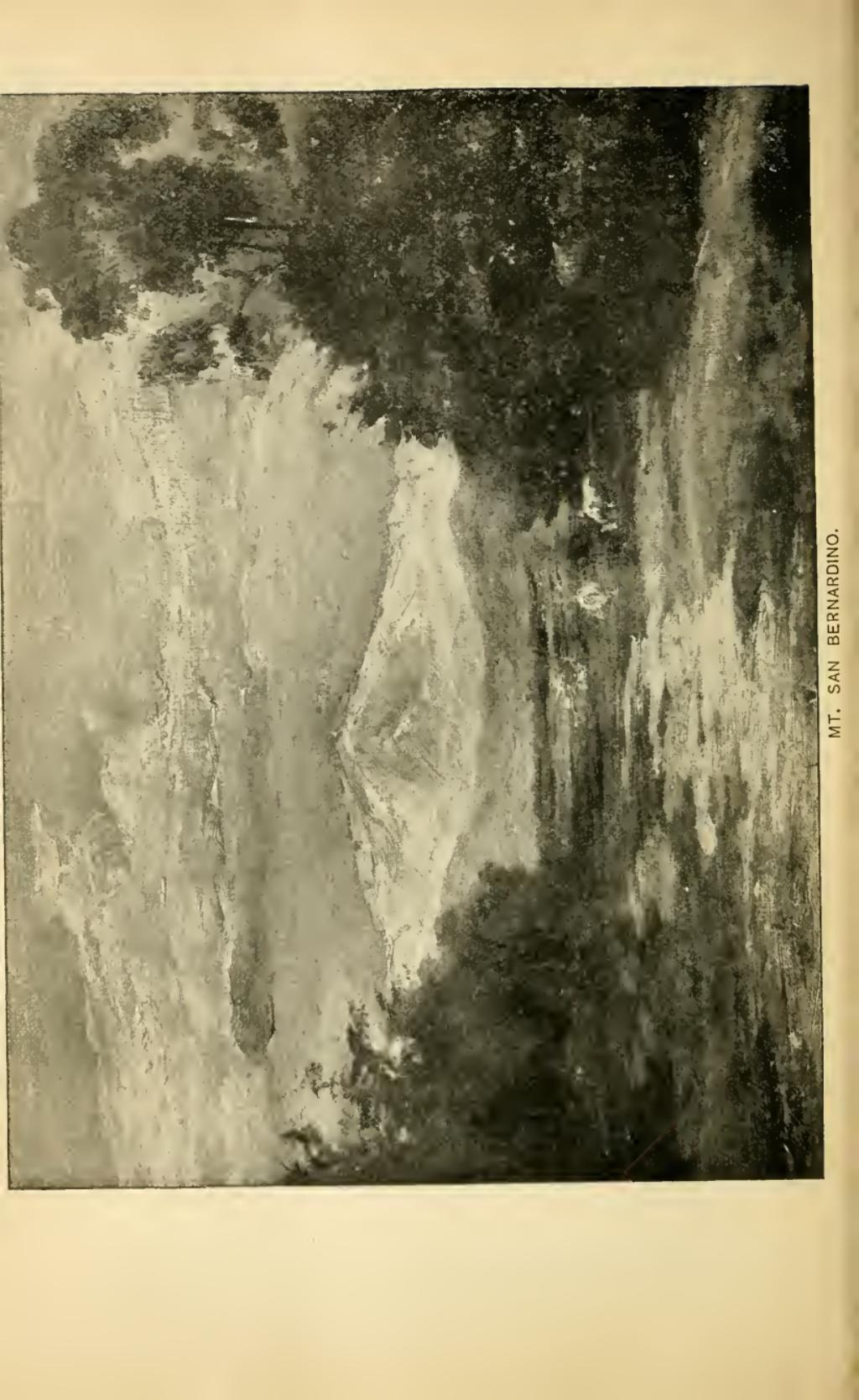


WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

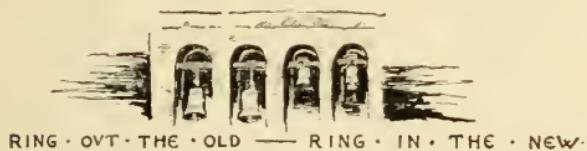




MT. SAN BERNARDINO.

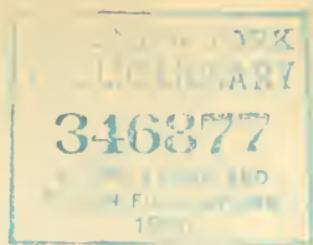
SOVTHERN · CALIFORNIA

BY · CHARLES · A · KEELER ·
ILLVSTRATED · WITH · DRAWINGS
FROM · NATVRE · AND · FROM · PHO-
-TOGRAPHS · BY · LOVISE · M · KEELER ·



TWENTY-FIFTH THOUSAND

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· SANTA · FE · ROUTE ·
· LOS ANGELES · 1899 · . 20.



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Checked
May 1913

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INTRODUCTION.

IN his "Intellectual Development of Europe," Draper calls attention to the fact that man first became established in civilized communities, in regions where agriculture was dependent upon a regulated water supply, as in Egypt, where the banks of the Nile were watered with periodic regularity by the floods, and in Peru, where irrigation furnished an unfailing and measured amount of moisture for the land. Theorizing upon this circumstance, he maintains that there is a relation of cause and effect between the control of water for agricultural purposes and the high degree of civilization thus early instituted, since the uncertainty of the crops in a region relying upon rainfall for their successful growth prevented the formation of a stable community, which should increase in experience and command of the arts from generation to generation.

The force of this theory is emphasized not a little by a study of the conditions of life in Southern California, for here also is a community with a regulated and predictable water supply, by means of which the art of agriculture has been reduced to a science, so that the growers of fruit do not need to watch the skies to know whether their crop is to be lost or saved. Indeed, the great reservoirs in the mountains, with their enormous dams and their miles of irrigating canals, are the vital center of all activity in Southern California. By means of these canals vast groves of oranges have supplanted the sage-brush, and the orange industry has brought prosperity and plenty to the country, build-



ing up the towns and making Los Angeles a metropolis of modern life out of a Mexican pueblo.

Nor is the orange the only fruit industry of the region, for here grow nearly all the deciduous fruits of more northern countries in addition to the olive, fig, walnut and loquat. Great vineyards supply grapes for the table, for raisins and for wine, and already the raisins of the El Cajon and wines of Cucamonga are known throughout the land. The olive oil, too, has gained an

enviable reputation for its purity and freedom from adulteration. Apiaries are scattered all through the country and the honey made from California wild flowers has something of the wild-



Olive Trees

ness and sweetness of the mountains distilled into it.

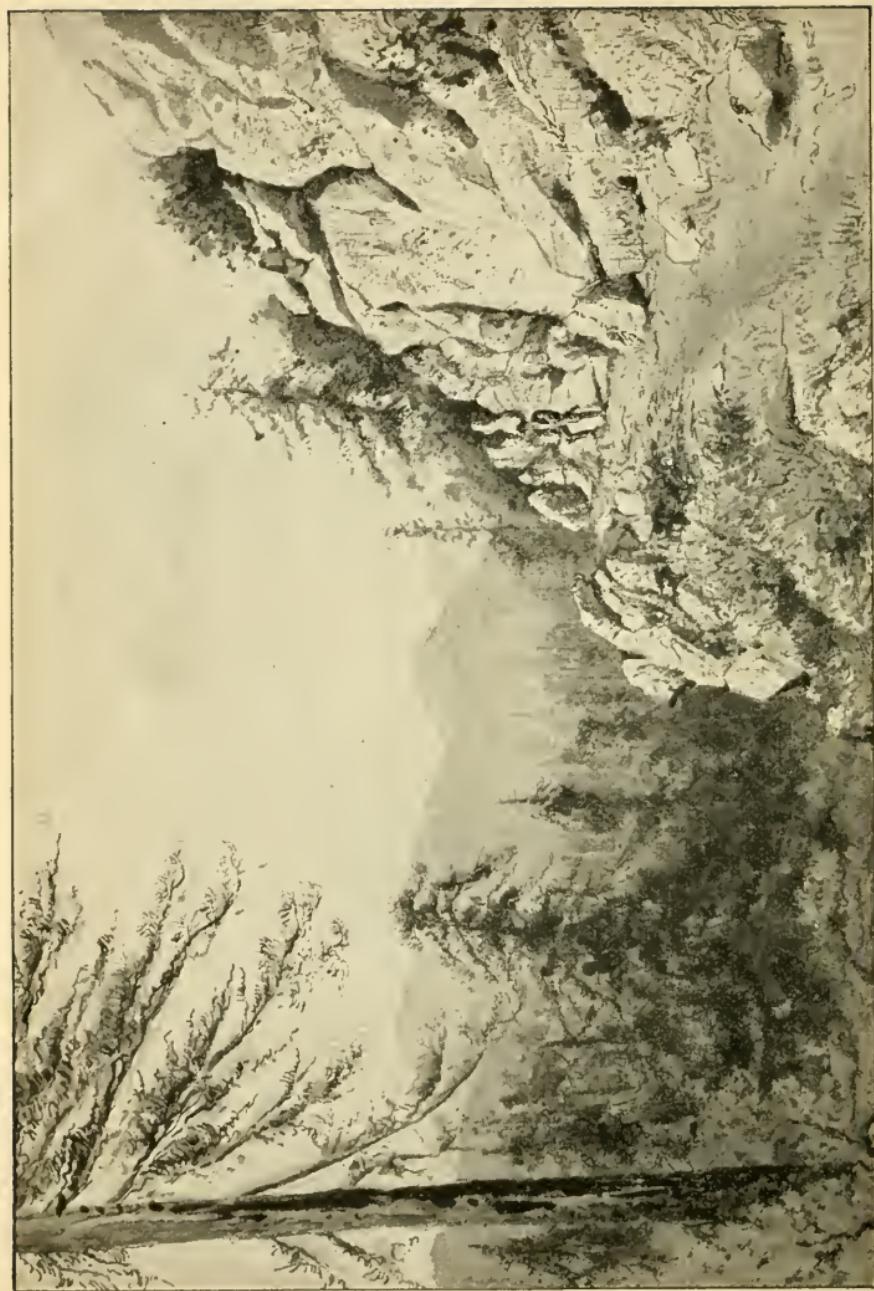
Great fields of grain, which do not require irrigation, reach over many sections of the country as far as the eye can follow, while the uncultivated tracts are given over to stock and sheep. The sheep shearing, so pictur- esquely described by Helen Hunt Jackson in "Ramona," is still a feature of the springtime in many districts.

Although these pastoral pursuits form so large and important a feature of life in Southern California, there is another phase that has had a large share in the building up of the country. Stories of a wonderful climate, of open-air life all the year round, of perennial sunshine and of beauties of landscape became noised abroad over the land. People heard that it was a good place for a home, and they came and found that it was so. Invalids came with their families, regained their health and stayed. They wrote home to their friends at Christmas time that they were enjoying the roses and violets and

orange blossoms, and the next Christmas their friends came also to escape the blizzards and pneumonia of the northern States. In this way the country has been built up, health and pleasure seekers of one year becoming the settlers of the next.

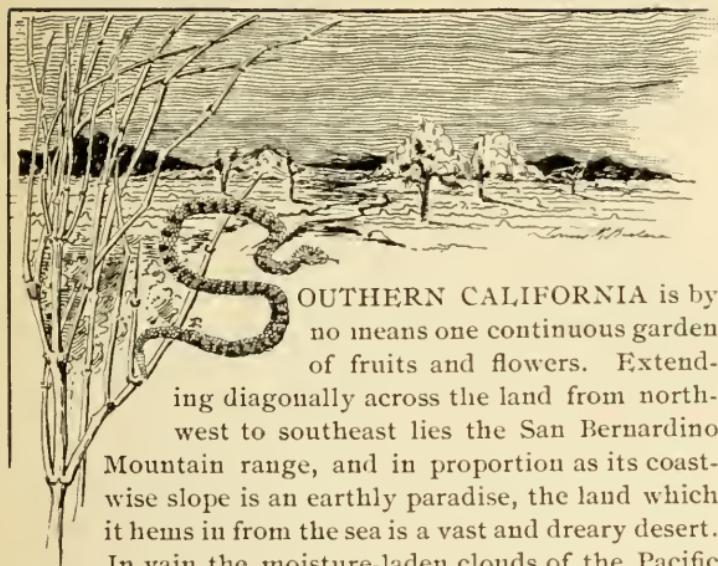
On New Year's day of this year I went to Pasadena to see the Tournament of Roses. It was a vision of beautiful, high-stepping horses garlanded with flowers, of lovely children half hidden in masses of bloom, and fair women riding in coaches of flaming blossoms. There were men on horseback and boys on wheels, with flowers over and around all. It was but a type of the flower carnivals and fiestas which have been held in San Diego, Los Angeles, Pasadena and Santa Barbara for a number of years, and is an illustration of the love for the beautiful things of out of doors which is yearly growing stronger in the minds and hearts of the people of this favored land.





A VIEW FROM MT. WILSON.

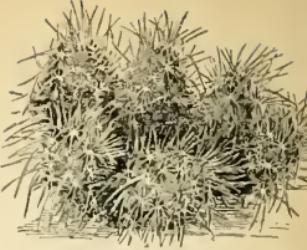
THE DESERT.



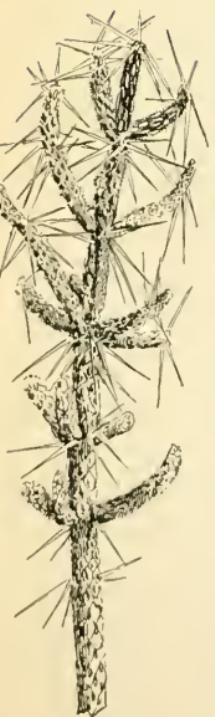
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA is by no means one continuous garden of fruits and flowers. Extending diagonally across the land from northwest to southeast lies the San Bernardino Mountain range, and in proportion as its coast-wise slope is an earthly paradise, the land which it hemms in from the sea is a vast and dreary desert.

In vain the moisture-laden clouds of the Pacific attempt to glide over the snowy summits of San Antonio and San Bernardino; or, if perchance they do reach the enchanted realm of the desert, they are generally dissipated into imperceptible vapor by the heat of the sun.

The desert is a region of arid plains and barren mountains. The soil is of sand incrusted with alkali, and the mountains are bold, rocky and inhospitable, frequently in the shape of abrupt, sharply pointed cones with miles of disintegrated rock, known as talus, sloping away from their bases. Again, great boulders are piled in chaotic heaps, wrenched and wracked by the elements, worn by the action of waves upon this prehistoric ocean shore, and now standing as silent witnesses of the vast work of ages. Indeed, there is always something cosmic and



elemental about the desert. We seem to be transported into some earlier geologic time, when the heart of nature lay bare to the action of the elements, and the bleak barren world knew not the songs of birds nor the glory of flowers. And herein lies the wonder of it! There is a fascination in its very sterility—in its boundless expanse and its haughty disdain of all that is tender and lovely. It is terrible and grand. We may stand upon an eminence and gaze for unmeasured miles through the pellucid air at a diversified landscape where not a human being dwells, where not a single spring or rillet can be found to quench the thirst of man or beast, where blue, snow-topped mountains lie off on the horizon, and lesser crests of red and purple and gray rise all about us, while overhead the pitiless sun beats down out of a cloudless sky, and underfoot the glowing sand and rock reflect its heat.



The desert is by no means wholly destitute of life, inhospitable though it be. The grease-wood, a bush with minute leaves of a dull olive-green color, grows in considerable abundance, and a number of pallid grayish or greenish shrubs spring mysteriously out of the sand and rock. By far the most characteristic plants of the desert are the yuccas and cacti, which seem to be imbued with the spirit of the place, being invariably armed with spines, thorns, or tiny barbs which make them wicked neighbors. The most conspicuous form of plant life on the Mojave Desert is a yucca known as the Joshua tree, a weird, fantastic form growing to a height of about twenty feet, with long stiff bristling green daggers all over its trunk and limbs in lieu of leaves, and with its branches bent and twisted into strange shapes. In patches on the desert this plant grows in sufficient profusion to form one of those paradoxes in which the

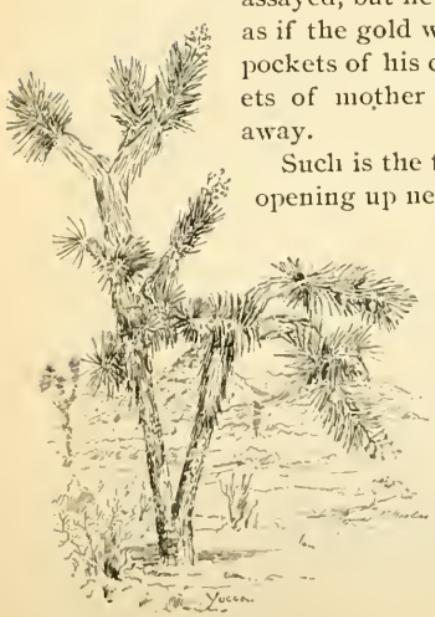
region abounds—a desert forest, and a dreary, unearthly forest it is; but as a rule the yuccas dot the landscape here and there, interpersed with thorny shrubs, sandy wastes, cacti and piles of rock. There are countless species of cacti found here, which to the casual observer have but one constant feature—their spines as sharp and as rigid as needles, which are a perpetual menace to the unwary.

Many species of birds choose this waterless region for a home, among the most striking of which are the far-famed road-runner, the cactus wren, the mountain mocking bird, and several thrashers. There are mammals, too, that have learned to live without water—the little spermophile or chipmunk with the white underside of his tail which shows so conspicuously as he scurries away to his burrow; and the pallid desert rat, fawn-colored above and snowy white beneath, with large eyes, long hind legs and conspicuous cheek pouches. Nearly all the habitual residents of the desert have been bleached to a very pale hue by the action of the intense sunlight and aridity.

Corresponding with the yuccas and cacti in plant life are the snakes and lizards among the animals—abundant in number and variety, strange and uncanny in form and color. They are peculiarly fitting dwellers in this strange land. One must not be unmindful of the warning of the rattlesnake when treading these heated sands and avoiding the bristling spines of the cactus.

It would seem that a land armed with so many devices for repelling the intruder and with so little to temper the sternness of environment would be shunned by man as a place accursed; but





what perils and privations will not be endured for gold! It is the glitter of this talisman which has lured many an unhappy prospector to his death on this waterless wilderness. Today the road to the Rose Mine leads around Dead Man's point where, years ago, the body of a man was found who had perished of thirst within two miles of the Mojave River.

The mining prospector is a product of this sterile land. His whole horizon is bounded by mineral. The golden sands are ever just beyond his grasp, and after a life of toil, privation and disappointment, he is still sanguine and contented with his lot which is just on the verge of realizing the fondest dreams of his fancy. Doubtless he was rocking the sands of the Sacramento in the days of '49, and digging for silver in some dark tunnel in Colorado twenty years later. Many a time during the fifty years of his toil he has had a vein of gold which was to make his fortune, until, alas, it tapered off into the thickness of a sheet of paper a few feet below; but now, unshaken by past lessons, he is more sanguine than ever. He has a claim which is certain to prove a bonanza. The ore has not yet been assayed, but he will tell you of it with as firm conviction as if the gold were already stored away in the capacious pockets of his coat, instead of in those mysterious pockets of mother nature, which are so jealously hidden away.

Such is the type of man who goes about the country opening up new gold fields, or following in the wake of an excitement. With his pick upon his shoulder he wanders over the sterile wastes looking for outcroppings of mineral ledges. He knows a smattering of geology and mineralogy gleaned from years of intercourse with mother earth and her followers, and he can talk learn-



edly of faults, ledges, veins and all that appertains to his craft. Having located a vein which seems promising, he takes up a claim and goes to work, with a partner, sinking a prospecting shaft. As soon as the hole becomes deep enough to warrant it, a windlass is rigged up over it, and while one man digs and fills the bucket, the other hoists it and wheels off the rock in his iron barrow. Thus they toil, blasting and picking, raising and lowering their bucket from morning till night. A rough forge is one of the first requisites, for the rocks soon wear off the point of the pick and it must be frequently sharpened. If the ore looks promising enough to make it seem worth while continuing at the shaft, or if there is enough faith, money and perseverance back of the enterprise, the windlass turned by hand gives place in time to a derrick with horse power to raise the bucket of ore.

Should the miners have success in their work, and after months of arduous toil make a "strike," a flag is triumphantly nailed to the pole surmounting the derrick where a forlorn white rag has been fluttering. The number of men has by this time been doubled or trebled, and more outside capital has been invested in the enterprise. The boys of the camp have a great jollification over the good news, and when work is resumed, the task of digging out the ore and hauling it to the nearest stamp mill is commenced. The prospecting hole has become a mine, and, if successful, calls into being a host of others about it.

The stamp mill is built upon a steep bank and the ore is dumped at the highest point in the rear of the





mill, working down through the various stages by the force of gravity. It is first crushed by the great steel-shod stamps which rise and fall with a deafening noise, pounding up the ore and mixing it with a stream of water into a liquid pulp. It then passes over the steel plates coated with quicksilver, and finally over the rubber bands of the condensers, particles of gold being extracted at each stage of the process.

There are gold mines and rumors of mines scattered all along the Mojave Desert, from The Needles to Victor, including Oro Grande and the now famous camp at Randsburg, but they do not by any means exhaust the mineral resources of these wonderful mountains and plains. The most extensive borax mines in the world are located here, and salt is taken out of the mountains in great crystallized blocks. Here too, are quarries of marble, granite and lime, with innumerable other mineral treasures to be developed by the intelligent application of brains and capital.

The mines, situated as they are from five to fifty miles from the nearest railroad station, demand another industry which is characteristic of the desert -- teaming. Water and provisions for men and horses, mining appliances and the numberless necessities of a mining camp are transported by freight teams across the long reaches of desert, and for this purpose very large, heavily loaded wagons are employed, drawn by from four to ten or twelve horses or mules. Two wagons are frequently fastened together, and the horses driven in one team. Pack mules are also used for transporting supplies to and from the mines, and a train of these patient little burros with their great packs strapped securely to their



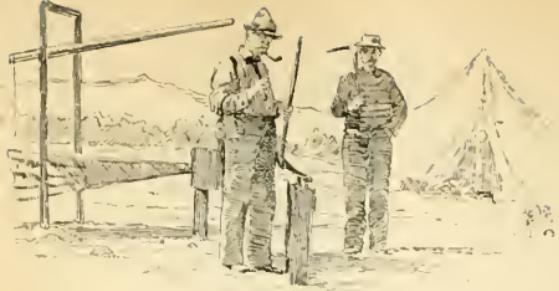
backs but wobbling with every motion of the beast, is an exceedingly picturesque spectacle.

Nor do the resources of the desert end with its minerals. Unaccountable as it seems, this barren, sandy soil only needs water to make it bear abundant crops. By the proper direction and application of the waters of the Mojave River certain portions of the region can be converted into a garden of wonderful fertility. Nature has demonstrated this by the grove of beautiful cottonwoods and willows which line its shores, and which in summer form an oasis of refreshing shade upon leaving the heat of the sandy wastes. This river is not like the steady reliable streams of more favored lands. Rising in the San Bernardino Mountains, it flows off over the desert for some distance, a goodly stream of cold mountain water, and presently disappears wholly from view. After flowing for some distance as an invisible "sink" it emerges again as a rather broad but shallow stream. Finally it is once more dissipated in the desert sand and gives up the unequal contest for supremacy, vanishing forever, partly drunken up by the thirsty sand and partly evaporated into the arid sky.

Stockraising is successfully carried on in places along the Mojave River where the bunch grass grows. Cattle seem to thrive on the scanty fare of the desert when it might well be supposed that they would starve to death.

The men of the desert are bronzed, hardy and rugged, sickness being almost unknown among them even during the hottest summer weather. The extreme aridity, together with





the tonic effects of a moderate altitude, make the climate most wholesome and invigorating. Nor is there quite the monotony of weather

which one might be led to assume. During the winter months the nights are cold and frosty, and there is an occasional flurry of snow, although the days are usually mild and even hot at noon time. The few spring showers coax a great profusion of wild flowers into being out of the warm sand, and for a few weeks the desert blooms like a garden. The strong winds of March and April at other times sweep over the country with clouds of sand, and during the summer months cloudbursts often occur, sending great torrents of water down dry ravines, making deep cuts and deluging everything within their track.

I have not touched upon a tithe of the wonders that entrance and awe the observer in this strange land. Here are sunrises of weird grandeur, when the sharp peaks in shades of blue and plumbago jut into a sky of transparent green and gold, and sunsets of crimson fire above the blue, snow-crowned San Bernardino Range, with fantastic yuccas sprawling their silhouettes against the light, and blackbirds clang in a throng at their roosting place among the cottonwoods. Then the darkness falls and the stars flash and scintillate in dazzling splendor in the transparent atmosphere. Truly the desert hath its charms for him who is not blind to the ever-present wonders of nature!



THE SAN BERNARDINO VALLEY.



OUNTAINS are a dominant feature in nearly every Californian landscape. They command all approaches to the State, and he who would gain this garden of the Hesperides must first cross the desert and then scale the heights. The passenger on the Santa Fe road, as on other transcontinental lines to Southern California, gets his first impression of this noble State on the desert. As seen from the railroad, it is only too often but a hot, dreary, dusty waste, uninteresting and barren, and in the hurry of travel its unique picturesqueness and vast undeveloped resources are alike overlooked. But he approaches the blue line of the San Bernardino Mountains, and is told that once across them he will be in the land of flowers and orange groves. At Victor the ascent begins. The engine labors and the train moves more slowly over the desert. Hesperia, with its great groves of yuccas, is passed, and still the desert is about us. The grade becomes steeper as we penetrate into the heart of the mountains which tower many thousand feet above us. The vegetation gradually changes, but still preserves the characteristics of the desert. Another species of yucca is noted, locally known as the Spanish bayonet—a bunch of stiff, spear-like leaves springing from the rocky soil, and one stalk bearing the blossom, but often withered, growing out of the midst of the clump to the height of several feet. The



long level sweeps of the desert give place to intricate rolling hills, over which the railroad establishes a uniform grade by means of numerous cuts. Dry creek beds are here larger and more numerous, showing that at times the water of sudden storms is carried away from the mountains in roaring torrents. Here and there clumps of manzanita bushes grow, and again huge rocks stand out naked and grim on the face of the mountain.

We pass Summit through a cut in the mountains and commence descending through the Cajon Pass. A few stunted pine trees cling to the mountain sides, but in general the soil is still sandy and scantily clothed with vegetation. Is this, then, the far-famed garden land of California? Patience! A few wild flowers spring from the sand beside the track. A stream of water winds here and there over its gravelly and sandy bed. We pass the station of Irvington with its hives of bees, and consider that where there are bees there must be flowers. Yes, off there on the hillside is a patch of gold where a bed of Eschscholtzias, commonly called California poppies, has spread its radiant coverlet. We see below us, now and then, glimpses of a valley, blue and beautiful in its misty reaches, and before we realize it we are in San Bernardino, situated in the midst of one of those peerless valleys which are a wonder and a joy.

But, reader, do not expect to see San Bernardino from a railroad train or from the station platform. You might as well undertake to judge of a painting by examining a strip an inch wide along its margin. Nor can San Bernardino be seen from the windows of your hotel. Go on foot, on horseback, on a wheel, in a carriage—go in any way that you find most pleasant and conven-



ient, and get near to nature. California is essentially an out-of-doors country, and can only be known and appreciated by those who love nature and know how to get acquainted with her on terms of intimacy.

It may be said of the inhabitants of the San Bernardino Valley, as Cæsar said of the Helvetians, that they are hemmed in on all sides by the nature of the country, except that in Cæsar's time there were no trans-continental railways running through Helvetia as there now are at San Bernardino, and herein is an important difference. But the mountains almost completely encircle this broad, fair valley, rising on the north and east to the height of twelve and thirteen thousand feet, in such imposing peaks as San Antonio, San Bernardino and San Gorgonio.

The town of San Bernardino is the distributing and outfitting point for a large mining district to the north and east. It has a commercial importance as a railroad center, and although oranges are not successfully grown in its immediate vicinity, it is surrounded by one of the finest citrus belts in the State. The car shops of the Santa Fe road are situated here. This combination of industries makes the town one of unusual activity for a population of but little more than ten thousand, and its main street is a bustling thoroughfare. The courthouse, in spite of its unfortunate location, is a structure which many a larger city might point to with pride. It is built of rough gray stone, is well proportioned and richly decorated.

In the main, however, the architecture here, as in most of the towns and cities of California, north and



south alike, leaves much to be desired in taste and refinement. Still, nature quickly atones for the inexperience of man, and in a surprisingly short space of time will hide the most commonplace structure under a bower of lovely leaves and blossoms; and we may also take comfort in the fact that all over this Pacific slope people are rapidly awakening to a realization of the fact that architecture must be fitting to the landscape in which it is placed, and that what we need here is more sympathy with our surroundings, more simplicity, more thought in our buildings, both public and private.

But if the houses of San Bernardino lack anything in picturesque effect, much has been done to atone for this by the unconscious taste shown in the improvement of the landscape. Instead of marring the face of nature as is so often the case with human interference, man has vastly enhanced its beauties. Water has been developed here in great abundance, both in immense storage reservoirs in the mountains, and in artesian wells, which are numerous and flow in powerful streams. By means of this abundant water supply, a country originally largely covered with sand and chamiso—a hard, ungraceful shrub—has been converted into a park of Arcadian loveliness. He who visits this spot in the springtime, when all over the country the fresh, brilliant green grain is spreading abroad its mantle, when the pink peach blossoms stand out in contrast to the deep blue of the lofty mountains behind them,



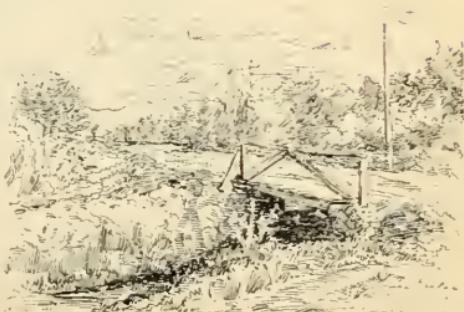
Deer Valley, Calif.

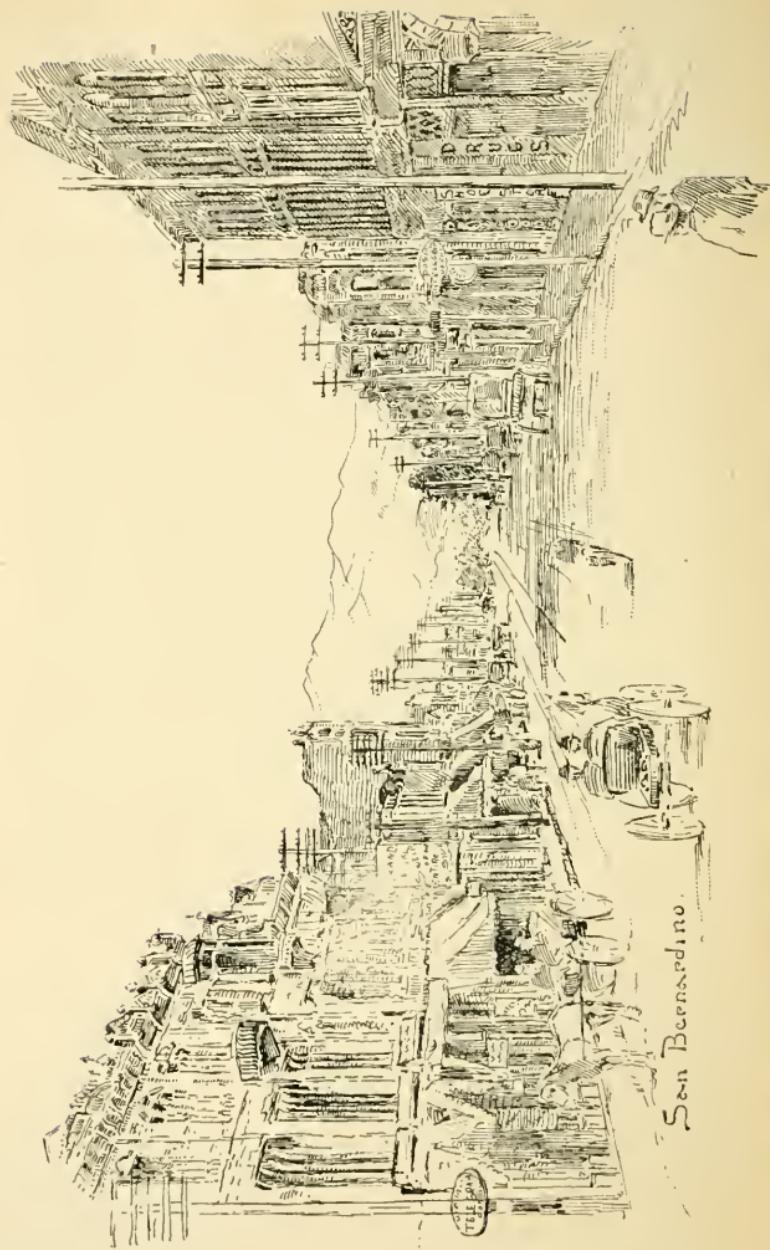


and the rows of cottonwoods by the roadside, and the alders along the arroyo are leafing out in delicate spring green, when great fleecy clouds

are piled about the mountain tops, making the sky between them a deeper, more transparent blue than ever—he who is so fortunate as to see the San Bernardino Valley at this time will feel while he is under its spell that it is the loveliest spot on earth. The meadow lark by the roadside sounds its loud, sweet flute call, and the irrigating ditch ripples along, reflecting now the green of the meadow and again the blue of heaven. It is a land wherein the poet may dream dreams and the painter see visions. It is a land which ought in the course of time produce a race of poets and painters—a second Greece! Here stretches the new vale of Tempe. Aloft rise the heights of a second Parnassus and Olympus. In such mountain fastnesses, impenetrable and remote, where clouds rolled amid the mighty pine forests or rested upon austere and barren summits of rock and snow, dwelt the gods of Greece, and may not we, even though born in a more credulous time, find here the inspiration for a literature and an art which shall rival that of old?

As we leave the cultivated portions of the valley and approach the San Bernardino Mountains, new forms of beauty are in waiting. In the springtime the sandy wastes are converted into a boundless flower garden—a cloth of gold woven with a pattern of white, green,





San Bernardino.

purple and blue. Approaching still nearer to the foothills, we find cañons creasing their sides, in which alders and sycamores are just coming into leaf. Ranches are nestled close up to the rugged slopes of the mountains where oranges are grown and where bees store their honey. The slopes of the mountain are largely overgrown with the harsh chaparral, varied now and then by patches of the fragrant yerba santa or an occasional buckthorn bush, completely covered with delicate white blossoms. Ascending still higher on the narrow mountain road which turns and winds in and out and around, we have glorious panoramic views of the vast reach of valley and the far-away mountains melting into a blue haze on the horizon. Here and there a pine tree, dwarfed and forlorn, clings to the rocky wall of a cañon, down which flows a pure stream of mountain water.

On a level bench upon the side of the mountains, just below the striking landmark which has given the place its name, are the Arrowhead Springs—a group of hot sulphur springs which flow from the rocks, sending forth a perpetual cloud of steam. It is not difficult to understand the association with such phenomena as this, in the minds of primitive men, of spirits of the nether world, demons and oracles. We are here brought face to face with those mysterious forces which have had so large a share in the fashioning of this world in which we live. The hotel formerly occupying a commanding site beside these springs has been burned, and as yet has not been rebuilt.

Another road climbs to the crest of the mountains where the Squirrel Inn is located. A few years ago Mr. Adolph Wood, the manager of the Arrowhead Reservoir Company, read Frank Stockton's story, "The Squirrel





Squirrel Inn

Inn," and was so impressed by its novel suggestiveness that he determined to carry out some of its ideas. The result was a club, with its headquarters on the topmost ridge of the San Bernardino Range, overlooking the vast expanse of mountain and valley below it.

The club building is a log house with a great rough stone fireplace, and, surrounding it among the pines, are smaller log cabins, the summer homes of the members, whither they repair during the hot months to enjoy the peace of nature and the balm of the pine woods. Everything about the club has been left in a state of nature. The architecture is singularly in keeping with the spot, and much taste has been shown in the designing of the artistic cottages which blend so perfectly with their surroundings. The Arrowhead Reservoir Company is making preparations to accumulate and distribute water on an immense scale throughout this region.

Looking at the valley in the springtime when the ground is carpeted with flowers and the air is warm and soothing, it is hard to realize that a drive of two or three hours would take the traveler into dense forests of pine, with snow



perhaps several feet in depth; but such is the case, and a winter among these mountains is not unlike one in Canada, even to the snowshoes or skees, which are indispensable to locomotion. Such is Southern California! A titan might make snowballs among these mountains and hurl them down upon the heavily laden orange trees growing at their base.

Nine miles southeast of San Bernardino lies the town of Redlands in the midst of one of the great citrus belts of Southern California. The growth of this district has



been phenomenal. Ten years ago the small village of Lugonia, adjacent to the present site of Redlands, gave scarcely a hint of the resources of the country so soon to be realized. At that time a number of Chicago men organized a company for the purpose of forming a settlement in California, and the district about Lugonia was chosen for their prospective town. Others were soon attracted to the spot, and a village, almost a city, was built in an incredibly short space of time. In the business portion of the town the houses are of red brick, the sidewalks of cement, and the streets paved with vitrified brick. Upon leaving this section we come to

streets and avenues where palms, acacias and pepper trees line the way for miles, while about the comfortable homes of the inhabitants are groves of orange trees loaded with their golden fruit. Everywhere are signs of prosperity and contentment. The rolling hills for miles about are covered with orange groves, mostly in small holdings of from five to twenty acres, and all showing a state of care and cultivation which speaks well for the thrift of the people.

Despite the newness of the town, we are here in the midst of associations with a varied and romantic past. Just outside of Redlands, on what is known as the Barton Villa tract, stand the crumbling adobe ruins of

the first building in the valley. At some time during the early part of the century the peaceful Indians dwelling in the San Bernardino Valley applied to the Franciscan Fathers at the Mission San Gabriel, requesting that stock-raising be introduced in their country. In the



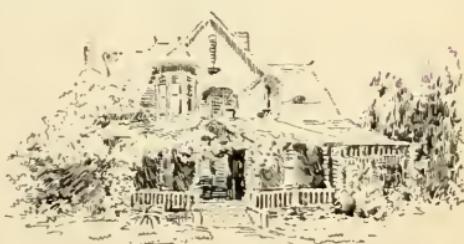
the year 1822 their request was granted, and upon the site of the present ruins, the adobe walls, so characteristic of the Spanish settlement, were reared. Tiles were baked for a flooring, and the roof was of thatched tules. Although an outlying post of the Mission San Gabriel and under the direct supervision of the mission fathers, it was not, properly speaking, a mission, and little seems to be known of the details of its history. Stock-raising was the only pursuit considered profitable then, and for a long time to come, although small orchards and vineyards were planted to supply the local needs. In 1832, the Indians, becoming dissatisfied with their restraint, rebelled, and destroyed the hacienda, but it

was promptly rebuilt. Shortly after this, however, the padres were deprived of their authority by the decree of secularization, and the entire district was divided into extensive cattle ranches, controlled by Mexicans.

This state of affairs continued without interruption, save for occasional Indian difficulties, for nearly twenty years, when a new element was added to the life of the valley.

Brigham Young wished to have a colony at some point near the Pacific Coast, from which European emigrants en route for Salt Lake City might start on their overland journey, and after some negotiations with the holders of Mexican grants in the San Bernardino Valley, a large tract was purchased on credit. Accordingly, in the spring of 1851 a party of Mormons camped in the Cajon Pass and looked down upon the valley which was to be their future home. There were some fifty wagons drawn by oxen in this first train, followed shortly afterward by other parties, swelling the number in all to about eight hundred people. Soon after their arrival, rumors of an Indian uprising were ripe in the valley. The new settlers left the highlands where they were encamped for the more open part of the plain, and here constructed a wooden stockade, within which they made their camp. The Mexican settlers also repaired to the fort or its vicinity for shelter, and their cattle were herded near by. Truly this was a strange mingling of families seeking shelter from a common foe—the ardent Catholic and the zealous disciples of Joseph Smith!

The Indian uprising did not prove as serious as was anticipated, and, in the course of time, the Mormons were located upon home sites about the valley. With characteristic energy they commenced their labors. A road





Smiley Dove

was built to the top of the mountains, where a sawmill was erected and the work of cutting lumber for their homes commenced. Irrigating ditches were dug, fruit trees were planted, and large tracts were sown with grain. The country became prosperous, and strangers were

gradually being attracted to the valley and settling there. The Mormons did not assimilate with their Gentile neighbors, and friction between the two elements had become so great by 1857 that serious difficulty was apprehended, when an unexpected event largely put an end to the trouble.

President Buchanan, desiring to take the control of affairs in Utah out of the hands of Brigham Young, appointed a governor for the territory, whereupon the great Mormon leader prepared to resort to arms in support of what he conceived to be his right. He called upon all the faithful to assemble in defense of their cause, and a large majority of the Mormons in the San Bernardino Valley, who were just beginning to realize their hopes of a happy home in this fruitful region, sold out their property at a sacrifice and started on the long journey over the desert to fight at the command of their leader in an unworthy cause. Some refused to go, and the remnants of the band still live about Redlands and San Bernardino.

After the departure of the Mormons, the country was largely given over to the lawlessness of a town on the confines of civilization. There were Indian incursions and local brawls for many years, but peace and prosperity at last pre-



Canyon Crest Drive

vailed. It is only of late that the great possibilities of the country in the raising of citrus fruits has been realized.

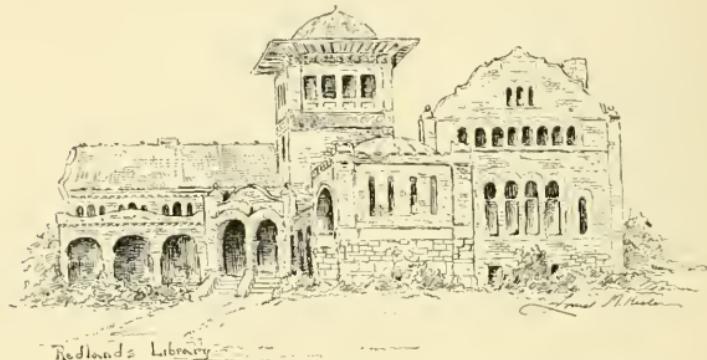
There is little in the modern town of Redlands to indicate the stirring history of the district. To be sure, a wagon, driven by a swarthy Mexican wearing a broad



SMILEY DRIVE.

sombrero and bright red neckscarf, rumbles along the streets of the town every now and then, and the burros are an ever-present feature along the main throughfare, but they all seem strangely out of keeping with the elegant equipages which would do credit to Central Park or Fifth avenue. Many people of wealth have chosen Redlands as a home for at least a part of the year, and it is a pleasure to note that some among them are sufficiently interested in the place to spend their money freely in public adornment and improvement. Among

these the most conspicuous are the Messrs. A. H. and A. K. Smiley, who have laid out an extensive and beautiful park about their residences, and thrown it open to the public. The drive through these grounds follows the backbone of a ridge separating the San Bernardino Valley, or the upper Santa Ana, as it is sometimes called, from the San Timotheo Cañon, a long narrow gorge which is in the main as nature fashioned it. The outlook along this narrow ridge is imposing and beautiful, with the bare cañon on one side, and on the other the low rolling hills of Redlands covered with orange trees



and leading off by imperceptible degrees across the blue reaches of the valley to the lofty snow-capped mountains beyond. The road winds through a bewildering tangle of tropical plants—palms, bamboos, acacias, sweet-scented vines and flowers of brilliant color, making a picturesque combination with the panoramas and vistas leading to snow-topped mountains, that has given this Cañon Crest drive the name of being one of the features of a trip to Southern California.

A large substantial building has also been erected by these same public-spirited men as a gift to the town for its public library. It is centrally located and surrounded by a park. Another feature of Redlands which cannot

be too highly commended is the placing of its grammar and high school buildings upon large plots of land laid out in extensive playgrounds and tastefully arranged parks. Altogether it may be confidently predicted that this town has a great future before it, with its salubrious and health-giving climate, its wealth, enterprise and great reaches of productive orange groves.

It is a ride of but a few miles from Redlands to Highlands, the road traversing the valley, with the mountain range rising abruptly not far away. Between Mentone and East Highlands the land is uncultivated and the contrast is most striking after viewing the miles of orange trees. Here the soil is sandy, full of boulders, and half covered with harsh shrubs which are but one degree removed from the plants of the desert. It is a striking illustration of the change which has been wrought throughout Southern California by the aid of the irrigating ditches. At Highlands we are once more in the midst of a productive orange district, which extends for miles along the foothills above San Bernardino.

This portion of the railroad forms the upper loop of the famous Kite-shaped Track, which extends in the form of a modern race track through the very heart of Southern California. The excursion over this track from Los Angeles to San Bernardino, around the loop through Redlands and Highlands and recrossing at San Bernardino to the larger loop which returns to Los Angeles by way of Orange, can be made in a day, affording the traveler an opportunity to scan a large section of country. The Santa Ana Cañon between Riverside and



Orange is a lovely valley with the willow-fringed stream hemmed in by gracefully rising mountain ranges, and in charming contrast to the great areas of orange groves and the intervening patches of unreclaimed mesa land.



THE SAN GABRIEL VALLEY.

FROM San Bernardino to Los Angeles the railroad traverses a succession of valleys which in effect constitute one great basin, with the San Bernardino and Sierra Madre Mountains hemming it in to the eastward, and an irregular range of hills and mountains on the westward, now expanding and again contracting the expanse of the level and fertile plain. The boundaries of the various sections of this great valley are not very sharply defined, but in general the eastern division is termed the San Bernardino Valley, the western section the San Gabriel Valley, while the inhabitants of Pomona, between these two, are proud to name all the land in sight after their fair town.

Four miles from San Bernardino on the road to Los Angeles is the town of Rialto, devoted to fruit culture, and near by are great fields of canaigre, a species of dock which is used extensively in the tanning of leather. Cucamonga, the next stopping point, is famed for its vineyards and for the choice wines which are produced there. As the train rolls swiftly on toward the great center of activity of Southern California, North Ontario next claims the traveler's attention. It is in the midst of a great orange district and connected with Ontario by an electric railroad which traverses the country in a line as straight as a bee's flight for home, the car track being continuously lined with great pepper trees. This line ends upon the mesa north of town, at the base of the great Mount



San Antonio, one of the commanding landmarks of the district. From this mesa may be had one of those entrancing views of the vast valley below—an endless sweep of checkered color and misty undulating line. There are large fruit packing houses at North Ontario, where hundreds of carloads of oranges, lemons and dried fruits are annually packed for shipment.

Ontario is a peaceful, contented town. As in so many other places in Southern California, its streets are lined with pepper trees, palms grow in great profusion, and the eucalyptus towers aloft in imposing columns. The feverish, unwholesome days of the boom are happily long since over, the people have given up selling town lots on the desert, and instead are now converting the wastes into orange groves. Nearly everyone here owns a wheel, and the roads about town have bicycle paths worn along their sides, making wheeling very comfortable. There is also a regularly constructed bicycle path beside the electric car line, shaded with pepper trees. I saw many indications in Ontario of quiet rural refinement, and an evidence of peace and moderate prosperity. It is a place of homes and makes no especial bid for tourist patronage or outside support, although I found an excellent hotel and many Eastern

people who had escaped into this eddy in the current of travel.

Pomona, which is connected with

North Pomona by
a little wheezy steam



dummy, is a considerably larger town than Ontario, and likewise the center of the citrus and olive industry of the adjacent valley land. From the San Jose hills to the northwest of the town, a view can be had of the surrounding country with its miles of orange trees, its mountains, its hills, and houses embowered amid eucalyptus and pepper trees—a lovely country over which the goddess Pomona may be truly said to preside. Like Ontario, Pomona is essentially a place of homes and quiet home life, of peace and contentment. It is such communities as this that form the backbone of Southern California's prosperity—a thoughtful, conservative, industrious people, growing their fruit and gradually

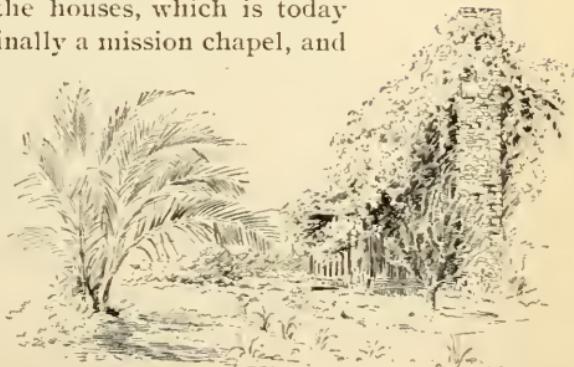
working out a more defined individuality and a larger intelligence.

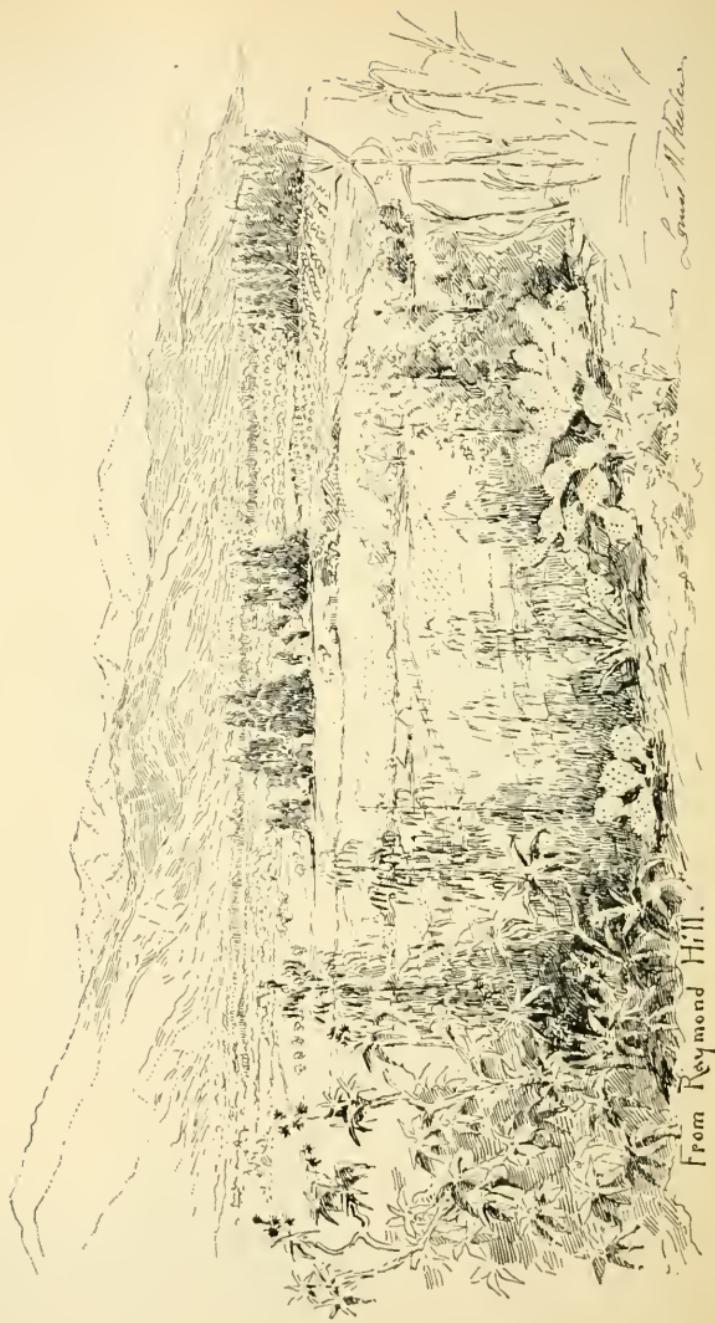
Pomona College, a Congregational institution situated at Claremont, but a few miles out of town, exercises a strong upward influence upon the people, and the schools are thoroughly in touch with modern ideas and equipment.

At Pomona, as at other spots in the valley region where the land is fertile and the surrounding country beautiful, the Mexicans were the first settlers, and traces of their occupation still remain. A large clump of prickly pear is the infallible sign of their settlement, which is confirmed by the adobe walls not far removed. One of the houses, which is today used as a residence, was originally a mission chapel, and the adjoining home was built by Don Palomares, the first settler in the valley, who received a Spanish grant



Prickly pear





From Raymond Hill.

Land of the

which was equivalent to a small principality. The house stands today embowered by the vegetation of years, a lovely California home with its patio where, in the shade of the porch, hangs the olla filled with spring water, with orange groves surrounding the home, and the song of the mocking bird still shaping those full, rich modulations which charmed the light-hearted señorita and the gay caballero of a bygone race.

From Ponona to Pasadena is less than an hour's run on the train, passing through Lordsburg, Glendora, Azusa, Monrovia, Sierra Madre and other towns devoted largely to the culture of oranges, olives and grapes. There are still many miles of desert waste between the areas of cultivation, which are only awaiting the application of water to bring forth in prodigal bounty the wealth of grove and vine. These wastes are not without a charm of their own, however. Here is the land as it looked when Father Junipero Serra used to pace its length from San Diego to Monterey. Sagebrush, chamiso, grease-wood and chaparral—a vast expanse of dull green and gray bushes, generally no higher than a man's waist, with sandy or adobe soil, starred in spring with wild flowers, varied here and there by arroyos, dry creek beds of gravel and sand, where sycamores and live oaks form groves of rare beauty—such is the scenery of Southern California where man has not altered it. But the picture is incomplete if the blue mountains are omitted, or the far-away views with hints of the mist of the sea and hazy islands half visible on the horizon.

These reveries are interrupted by the appearance of



Oldest house in Pomona



the houses of Pasadena, the whistle of the locomotive and the stopping of the train at Pasadena station beside a little park and at the back door of the magnificent Hotel Green.

I write of Pasadena with the new wine of spring in my veins. The linnet leaps into the air and sings from tree to tree. The mocking bird pipes its full, richly varied strain. The orange trees are decked with balls of gold, and from the orchard the warm breeze bears the scent of the blossoms. In every garden is a wealth of bloom. Vines of white lamarck and banksia roses climb over houses until the very gables nestle in bridal bowers, and the gold of ophir opens its petals from a thousand buds—a riot of color that is a wonder and a joy.

Pasadena, the crown of the valley! A town on the broad slopes that sweep up to the rugged sides of the Sierra Madres, commanding, from its many points of vantage, a vast panorama of valley covered with green fields of grain, with the dark, dense rows of orange trees and the far-away reaches of purple and blue, with homes dotting the landscape, and clusters of eucalyptus trees; while away off to the east, down the valley, Mount San Jacinto, with crest of snow, seems floating in a mist

of blue, and nearer rise in succession the peaks San Bernardino, San Gorgonio and San Antonio, all topped with snow! Among its streets are Marengo avenue with its arch of graceful pepper trees, Orange Grove and Grand Avenues lined with large and costly residences set in tropical gardens or surrounded by green lawns, and Colorado street, leading from the business center of the town out past many slighty residences to the country districts of Lamanda Park, Sierra Madre and other towns on the way to San Bernardino. Dropping sharply away from the ridge upon which Orange Grove and Grand Avenues lie is the beautiful Arroyo Seco, a rambling, dry creek bed of sand and gravel, skirted with live oaks and sycamores and flanked by rolling hills beyond which lies the valley of San Fernando, named from the mission which still remains as a silent witness of the days of Spanish rule.

The San Gabriel Valley is teeming with historic associations. Hither, in 1771, came Father Junipero Serra, with a small band of devoted followers, to found the fourth of the Franciscan missions in Alta California. He discovered a large Indian population in this lovely valley who were at first hardly disposed to be friendly, but, according to the early chronicler, were immediately pacified when a large picture of the Virgin was unfolded to their view. The mission bells were suspended from a tree, mass was said, and the little band soon commenced the work of constructing a mission. The original adobe structure was deserted after a few years for a more favorable site some five miles away, and here in 1775 a second mission was erected, to be replaced ere long by a stone church a few hundred yards farther south, which stands today, but little altered by the lapse of time. It is the oldest of the California missions now standing in a good state of preservation. It is situated in the middle of the



rambling old Mexican town of the same name, and surrounded by tokens of that strange life which is now so completely a thing of the past. Back of it is the cemetery with many a story written over its dilapidated graves, and in front, just across the street, is the ditch and remnants of the mill in which the Indian neophytes ground the flour. This old mill was largely built by a reformed pirate, the story of whose life forms one of the romances of this romantic region.

In 1818, a privateer from Buenos Ayres was plundering the coast of California in the vicinity of Santa Barbara. A small boat containing some of the crew was capsized in the breakers close to the shore when a party of mis-

sion soldiers, concealed near at hand, fired upon the men struggling in the water. Some of them were shot, some managed to swim to another boat, and two, a negro and a Yankee named Chapman, swam ashore. They were captured by the Mexicans, who cast



their riatas over them after a stout resistance. Despite the proposal of some of the number to hang them to the nearest tree, their lives were spared through the friendly intervention of Don Antonio Lugo, who was attracted to Chapman by his powerful physique and bravery.

Don Antonio lived in Los Angeles, and on his return home he took the pirate with him, the two riding on the same horse. Chapman was set to work in the Sierra Madre Mountains with a party of Mexican wood choppers, who were getting out timber for the church in Los Angeles. So proficient did the stout Yankee prove himself at this work that he soon won the respect and admiration of the padres and dons. Other tasks were given him to perform, the most conspicuous being the

construction of the mill directly south of the mission. His neighbors began to talk of finding a wife for him, and so thoroughly had he earned their friendship that they considered the daughter of one of the wealthy ranchers near Santa Barbara a worthy match. He was accordingly escorted to the home of the fair señorita, having been baptized into the church on his way, and ere long the dark-eyed maiden had consented to his proposals and was made his bride. For many years they lived at San Gabriel, surrounded by a happy family. And thus it appears that the first New England settler in California came here as a pirate!

The mill which Chapman built is not the oldest one in the valley, however. A mile or so north of the Mission San Gabriel still stands in an excellent state of preservation—the oldest flour mill, not only of the valley, but of the State. It was built by the padres and their Indian converts about the year 1812, but through faulty construction and on account of its distance from the mission was abandoned as a mill after a year or two, and used as a wine cellar. Just below it is Wilson's Lake, a beautiful glassy pond which was used as a reservoir in the early mission days.

Of the Pasadena of today it is difficult to write, for there is so much to arouse the enthusiasm that one is in





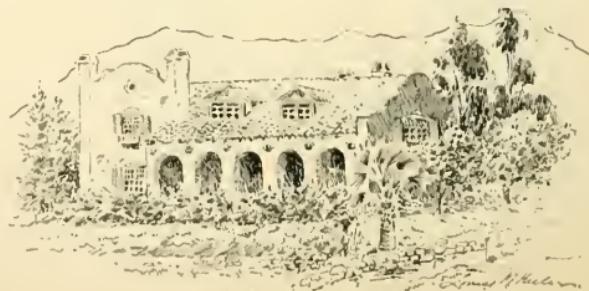
danger of conveying a false impression. It is not all sunshine and flowers. There are days that are cold, for

Pasadena, and days that are windy and disagreeable. In winter there are some rainy weeks and in summer an endless amount of dust. To one who comes here expecting to find the Garden of Eden just as the Lord originally planted it, the first impression may be just a trifle disenchanting. The ground under the orchards and in the vineyards is bare. If one sees a California vineyard in the winter season for the first time he is apt to exclaim in surprise, for the vines are all trimmed away



to an insignificant stump, and all that he will see is a vast field of bare soil with rows of these uninteresting little knots of wood close to the ground. In summer this becomes a tangle of green vines, and in autumn the grapes hang in clusters so large and abundant that if I am to retain my reputation for veracity I had better leave them undescribed.

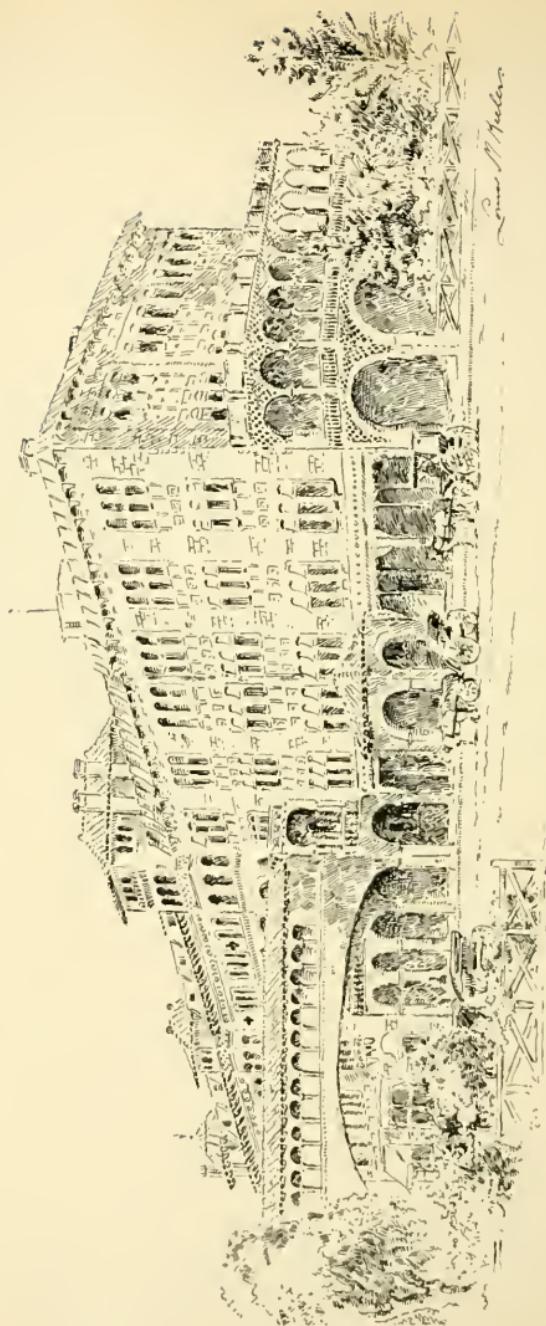
But when the worst has been said of Pasadena it remains one of the most charming of towns. Its climate has been heralded the world over. Its people are refined



and cultured. It has good schools, a fine public library, many churches, large and costly residences, and avenues and streets which are decorated with an endless succession of palms and pepper trees. So many men of means have been attracted here from the East that it is said that more wealth is represented among its citizens than in any other city of its size in America. Thousands of health and pleasure seekers come here to spend their winters, and from autumn to spring the streets present a festive appearance, with the many fine carriages, the tallyho coaches, and gay parties of tourists on every hand. The commodious Hotel Green, one of the fine hotels of the Pacific Coast, has been so overtaxed during the winter months that an addition much larger than the original is now in course of erection, connected with the present building by a picturesque bridge across the street. Another favorite Pasadena hotel, the Pintoresca, situated upon the high ground in the direction of Altadena, is taxed to the uttermost during the winter months by the host of tourists who assemble here from all over the land.

Pasadena is especially notable for its beautiful residences set in the midst of gardens which are often extensive enough to give the effect of parks. Houses in the mission style stand out as a feature of the local architecture, although many of the shingled residences are graceful in line and broad and simple in treatment. It is a place where money has been freely spent in beautifying the homes and streets, with the result that Pasadena has grown within the last few years into one of the most attractive residence cities of the West. Its schools are admirably conducted, and Throop Institute, a school





and college in which manual training receives a large share of attention, has made for itself a distinctive place in educational work. There is a Shakespeare Club with a home of its own, an Oratorio Society, an Academy of Sciences and many other organizations betokening the interest of the people in the higher pursuits of life.

But for me the greatest attraction of Pasadena is its location as the key to the lovely region which environs it. There are endless drives off over the valley, each more beautiful than the last, with points of historic interest to investigate, and with the charm of nature where mountains encircle the valley, beautified by the cultivation of fields of grain and groves of orange, lemon and deciduous fruit trees. The magic touch of water has transformed a desert into a teeming garden.

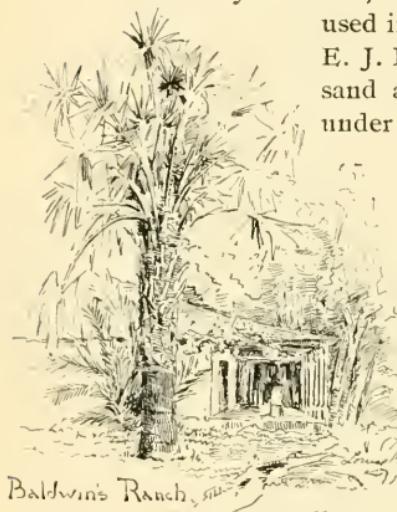
In driving along the edge of the valley toward the east we look up along the fertile patches that nestle close to the steep slopes of the Sierra Madre Range. Turning at Lamanda Park directly toward the mountains we ascend along an avenue of lofty eucalyptus and waving pepper trees into an orange grove which is of less recent planting than most of its neighbors, and finally emerge at the Sierra Madre Villa Hotel, the oldest resort in Southern California. From the veranda of the hotel, we may look upon the tropical garden about us, over the orange orchard, across a glorious panorama of valley, and beyond the intervening hills, to the ocean and Santa Catalina Island, with its two conical peaks making an unmistakable landmark sixty miles away. The mountains form an imposing background cut up by cañons



Sierra Madre Villa

and rugged steeps, with solitary pine trees clinging here and there upon the rocky slopes.

Another favorite drive from Pasadena is to Baldwin's ranch, which can also be reached by the Santa Fe train, being the next station beyond Lamanda Park. It is customary in California to call any tract of land which is used as a farm, a ranch, but this term was originally applied to Mexican ranches of early days, which were Spanish grants comprising thousands of acres. If size be any criterion, the term is certainly appropriate when used in connection with the farm owned by E. J. Baldwin, which covers fifty-six thousand acres of land, nearly all of which is under cultivation. The home ranch alone, upon which Baldwin's residence is located, comprises fifteen hundred acres. Here are orange orchards, vineyards, an extensive winery, fields of grain, and some of the finest racing horses in the world. But what appealed most strongly to me were the miles of live oak trees forming a vast natural park with the mountains for a background, with lovely vistas of valley, and carpeted with the tender green of the spring grain.



In the vicinity of the Baldwin residence are ponds and tropic gardens, with groves of cypress, eucalyptus and palm trees, under and around which grows in true California wantonness a profusion of flowers. Upon this ranch are many avenues of eucalyptus trees, tall, graceful and dark, forming stately colonnades between which the brilliant sunshine streams across the road.

Other drives there are out of Pasadena—to Garvanza, where the beautiful memorial Church of the Angels is

located, to Shorb's extensive winery, to Devil's Gate, the head of the water supply of Pasadena in the Arroyo Seco, to La Cañada and San Fernando. There are also points of interest and beauty to be reached by the electric cars—Altadena and the mountains beyond in one direction and the South Pasadena Ostrich Farm in the other. There are several ostrich farms in Southern California, at Norwalk, Pasadena and Coronado, but a description of one will suffice for all.

The ostrich is one of the most ungainly, unlovely creatures that walk the earth. It is a relic of an earlier geological epoch handed down to us in all its paleolithic ugliness. Its great bare legs support a massive body to one end of which is attached a long, stiff neck ending in a little crook in lieu of a head. This apology for a head is flattened on top, and two great brown eyes bulge out, ever looking about for something to eat—grass, oranges, sand or newspaper—it makes little difference. When its great, flat, clumsy beak is opened, there seems to be nothing left of the head but a cavity, and its note is a sudden open-mouthed explosion, half sputter and half hiss. It also on occasion roars more vociferously than a



Church of the Angels



Baldwin Ranch



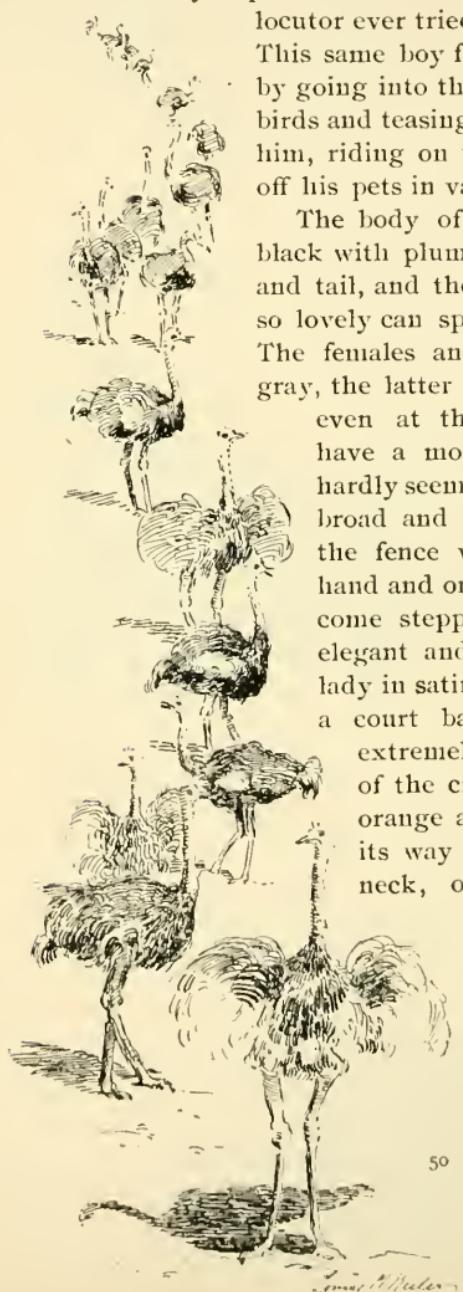
Baldwin Ranch

lion. Visitors sometimes ask the boy who shows them about if he cannot make one of the birds roar, when he invariably inquires in his shrill voice whether his interlocutor ever tried to make a rooster crow.

This same boy frequently amuses visitors by going into the pens with the big male birds and teasing them until they kick at him, riding on their backs, and showing off his pets in various ways.

The body of the male bird is glossy black with plumes of white in the wings and tail, and the wonder is that anything so lovely can spring from so ugly a soil. The females and young are brown and gray, the latter more or less mottled; but even at the most callow age they have a mouth like a crocodile—it hardly seems like a beak, so flattened, broad and dull it is. Stand beside the fence with an orange in your hand and one of these great birds will come stepping up to you with as elegant and dainty an air as a fine lady in satin about to be presented at a court ball. There is something extremely comical about the airs of the creature. Pass over your orange and you may see it work its way down on the side of the neck, or if there are enough

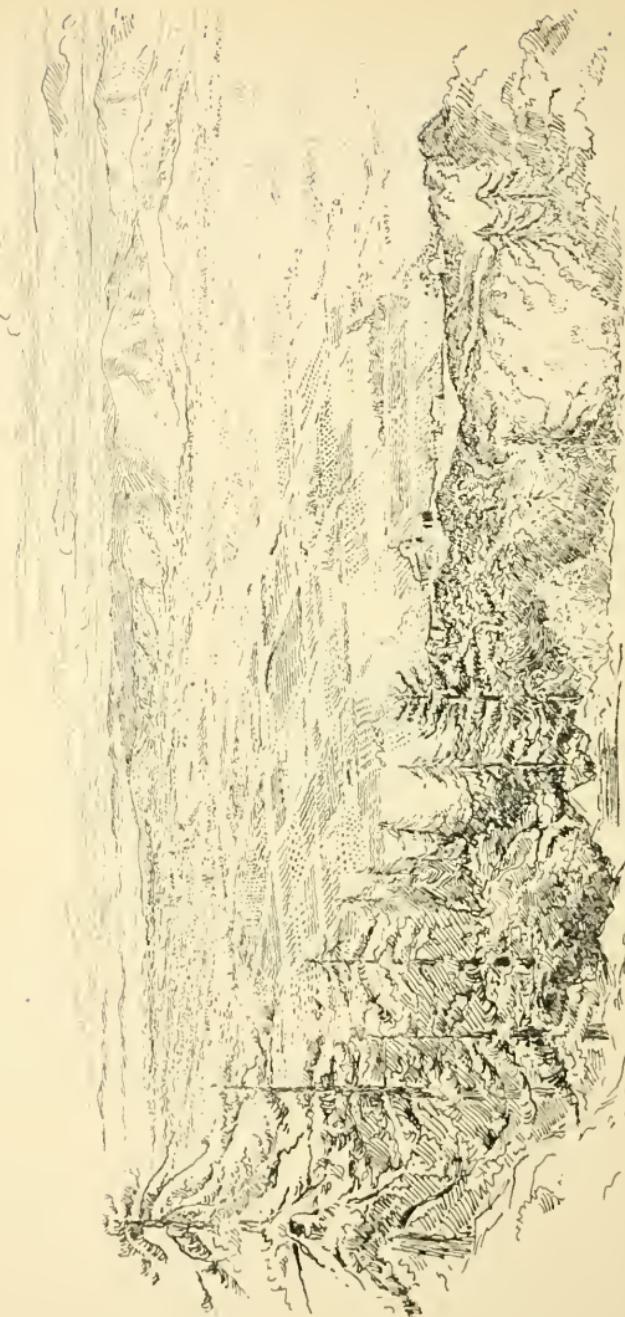
oranges to spare you may see a dozen all slipping down at once. Do not fail to stand at a respectful distance, however, for that great toe is wielded



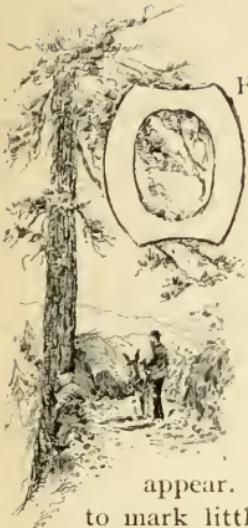
by a powerful leg, and is capable of inflicting dangerous wounds.

This novel industry of ostrich farming has proved a great success in Southern California, for the birds thrive and multiply in this genial climate, and besides the sale of the feathers, large numbers of sight-seers daily visit the farms and contribute to their support.





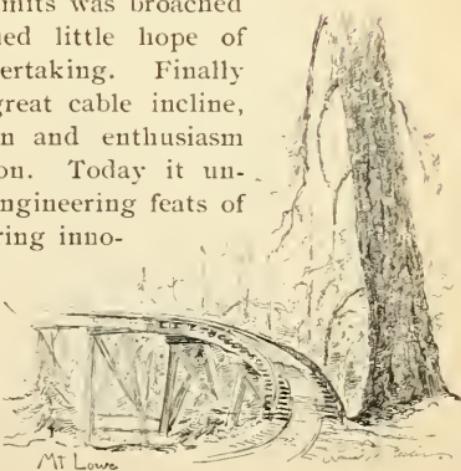
View from Mt. Lowe



THE SIERRA MADRE MOUNTAINS.

For all excursions out of Pasadena, that to the mountains is most wonderful and enchanting. To the inexperienced observer the Sierra Madre Mountains may seem like great hills rolled up from the valley, which could be ascended at any point the climber might choose to select. But in this instance, familiarity, instead of breeding contempt, breeds respect. The nearer we approach the mountains the wilder and more rugged they appear. Shadows that from a distance seem to mark little pockets and creases in their sides, open out into deep cañons, with precipitous sides and dizzy heights. A dense growth of chaparral clothes the slopes, making travel excessively difficult, and great walls of rock defy the nerves and skill of the boldest climber.

The project of building an electric and cable road directly up the face of this great range into the heart of the pine forests that clothe its summits was broached some years since, but there seemed little hope of accomplishing so difficult an undertaking. Finally Prof. T. S. C. Lowe proposed the great cable incline, and by means of his determination and enthusiasm pushed the project to its completion. Today it undoubtedly stands among the great engineering feats of the world, with many novel and daring innovations.

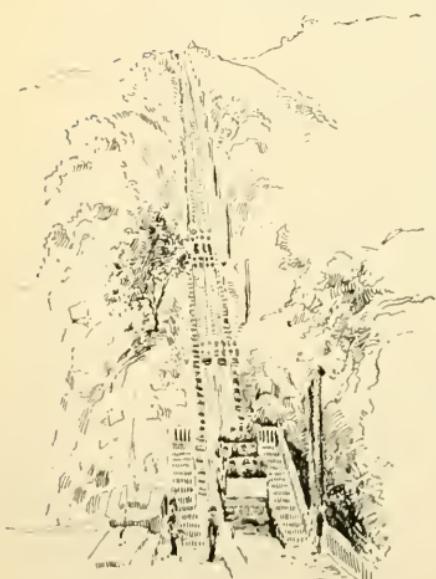


Think of it! in less than an hour's ride it is possible to ascend from the orange groves and flower gardens of Pasadena into the heart of the pine forests at an elevation of five thousand feet, where snow covers the ground at times to the depth of many feet. The suddenness of it, the thrilling grandeur of the ride, the rapid changes of scenery and the boundless region over which the eye can sweep make the excursion an event in a lifetime.

The ride from Pasadena to Altadena on the electric cars is very beautiful, but we are already familiar with the beauty of peach trees in bloom and orange orchards studded with the golden fruit, with the lovely San Gabriel Valley leading away into the blue haze of the Puente Hills or, farther still, off toward Mount San Jacinto. At Altadena we change cars and ride over an uncultivated country close to the base of the mountains. The ears pass vast fields of California poppies, washes of sand and stones and wastes of chapparal, with a constantly expanding view below and the mountains towering above. Rubio Pavilion is reached where the great incline cable road commences. Many timid eyes look up into the air with a questioning glance. What, we're not going up there?

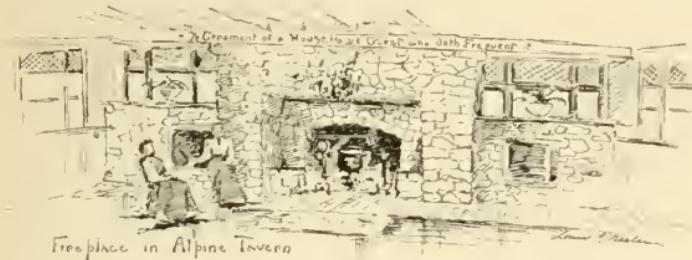
But the ear stands in waiting, the timid are assured that they are as safe as when seated in an easy chair by their parlor fire, and away we go, slowly and impressively—sixty-two feet up in the air for every one hundred feet forward. Rubio Cañon, a great gorge in the mountains, plunges off at one side, while miles and miles of valley expand beneath as the car ascends.

At Eelto Mountain we catch our breath and look off spellbound. Is this really the face of the earth



Cable Incline

upon which we walked with firm foot so recently? Directly below is the broad plain of the San Gabriel Valley, with great squares of green fields and orange groves and little specks of houses. There lies Pasadena among its trees, and beyond the Mission Hills, Los Angeles. We look upon the water of reservoirs, upon Eastlake and Westlake parks in the suburbs of Los Angeles, and beyond all this upon the misty ocean with an archi-



pelago of islands marking the horizon line. It is all on such an overpowering scale that we seem half in a dream—the whole wide earth seems lying at our feet.

Again we change cars, this time for an electric road which winds back and forth up the face of the mountain, around the edge of precipices, with cañons below and around, and with incomparable vistas through forests of oak and pine of the far-away regions of the plain. We look down upon the tops of mountain ranges and into great valleys—La Cañada and San Fernando lie beneath. We pass through granite cuts, over circular bridges, winding and climbing as I believe no mountain road ever wound and climbed before, and finally come upon a lovely sylvan nook amid the pine trees where a rural inn is set in the midst of the forest.

The Alpine Tavern is in perfect





Alpine Tavern

with open timber construction and with a foundation of granite. Enter its broad doors and all is generous mountain hospitality. The great stone fireplace with its crane and pot, and motto above, tables covered with books and magazines, and a hearty welcome from the genial host, all tell the stranger that he has found a resting place where he is to be at home. But who could stay indoors in such a spot? All about lie the mountains to be explored, with trails penetrating the secret places and here and there vistas leading away into the blue depths of the plain below. Inspiration Point is not far away and can be reached with a carriage. The pine woods are cool and delicious even in midsummer, and the air is bracing and exhilarating. Here the morose and embittered become happy and break into song. Mother nature is a great healer. Everywhere in these mountain fastnesses we are in a strange wonder world of beauty and delight. From the summit of Mount Lowe the landscape which lies spread out beneath is said to cover a range of a hundred miles in every direction where the mountains do not intercept the view. And all this with the tumult of a big city but an hour and a half away! The graceful tree squirrels scamper about

keeping with its name and surroundings. It is simple and unobtrusive, following the contour of the mountain slope and gracefully yielding precedence to the pine trees. It is built of pine

the pine trunks, fearless and light-hearted. The wood-pecker calls gaily from the heights and we catch the inspiration of joy and exhilaration on every side.



Granite Gate



Then to return to Echo Mountain ! to watch the sun go down and the blue shadows creep across the wilderness of plain ! to see the great world swoon softly into darkness, and finally to see the stars come out above, matched on the plain by the

twinkling electric lights of two cities !

It is a strange experience to be so suddenly lifted from the plain to the mountain heights in an hour's ride, but the sensations are of quite a different nature when these same rugged mother mountains are climbed on muleback or on foot. It is a feeling of power and possession which dominates the mind of the traveler. The remote places are to be won by toil, and every foot of the way is scanned in the ascent. We glory in the freedom of it, our hearts expand with the view, our horizon widens as we lift our heads into the region of cloud and sky. The illimitable reaches of the plain become familiar to us, as we look not across them, but down upon them, in an endless level of blue. Mountain ranges are creased up here and there, but they seem hardly more than mole hills wrinkling the surface of the plain. Here is the workshop of the Almighty, where the granite cliffs are split and tossed down into the plain, where cloud and peak meet in familiar intercourse, and where the giant pines clasp the rocks with their mighty



roots to hold them for a brief span from the disintegrating powers of time.

The new trail to Wilson's Peak is broad and firm, rising by slow and uniform grade out of Eaton's Cañon across the face of the mountain, back and forth through the chaparral, in and out among the scrub oak of the exposed mountain side, where the fragrant mountain lilac blooms and the wren tit trills in the thicket, where



the sun beats down with unobstructed force, and the view widens beneath by slow degrees.

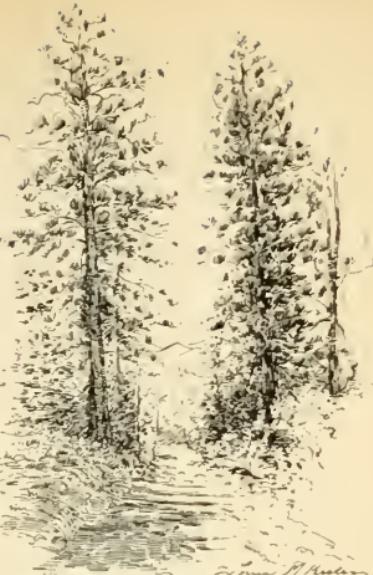
The mules of the Mount Wilson trail are patient, long-suffering beasts, who pay less attention to an energetic prodding than to the bite of a fly. They are quick to interpret any exclamation such as "oh," or "ho there," into a "whoa," and sometimes come to a standstill without even this lame pretext; but, withal, they climb the mountains sure-footedly and ploddingly, and one has only to keep at them with determination and a stout stick to get along.

It is refreshing and delightful to turn off from the exposed mountain side and dip into the cool shadow of

oak and fir. The mile boards seem a long distance apart on this trail, but it is good to linger by the way and catch the fragrance of the pine and the song of the mountain chickadee. It is good to see the tempered lights of the woodland—nature's vast cathedral—with the golden rays streaming through the tracery of the pine boughs. The lithe gray squirrel is here, and at our feet grows the hounds'-tongue and the baby blue-eyes.

In the higher reaches of the trail the scenery is bolder and more rugged. We stand upon granite crags that command a world-wide view. The plain stretches off to the coast line, the ocean leads off to the islands, while near at hand the mountains shoot aloft into bold headlands, and tumble away into cañons below. It is suggestive of the pictures we have seen of the passes of the Andes, where the road is cut along the face of a rock wall winding up into the dizzy heights.

Wilson's Camp, formerly called Martin's Camp, is located on the backbone of a ridge a mile from the summit of Mount Wilson. The veranda of the house commands a panorama of both ends of the San Gabriel Valley, with Pasadena, Los Angeles, and Santa Monica on the southwestern side, and Monrovia, Azusa, and Pomona to the southeast. To the southward the ridge ascends to a point of rock called Mount Harvard, where the entire San Gabriel Valley is visible in one superb sweep. One cannot but regret the prosaic architecture of the camp, but the glories of the view dominate the mind. Mount Lowe, Markham's Peak and Mount San Gabriel rise in succession to the northwest of us, and farther away to the east lie the giants of the range—



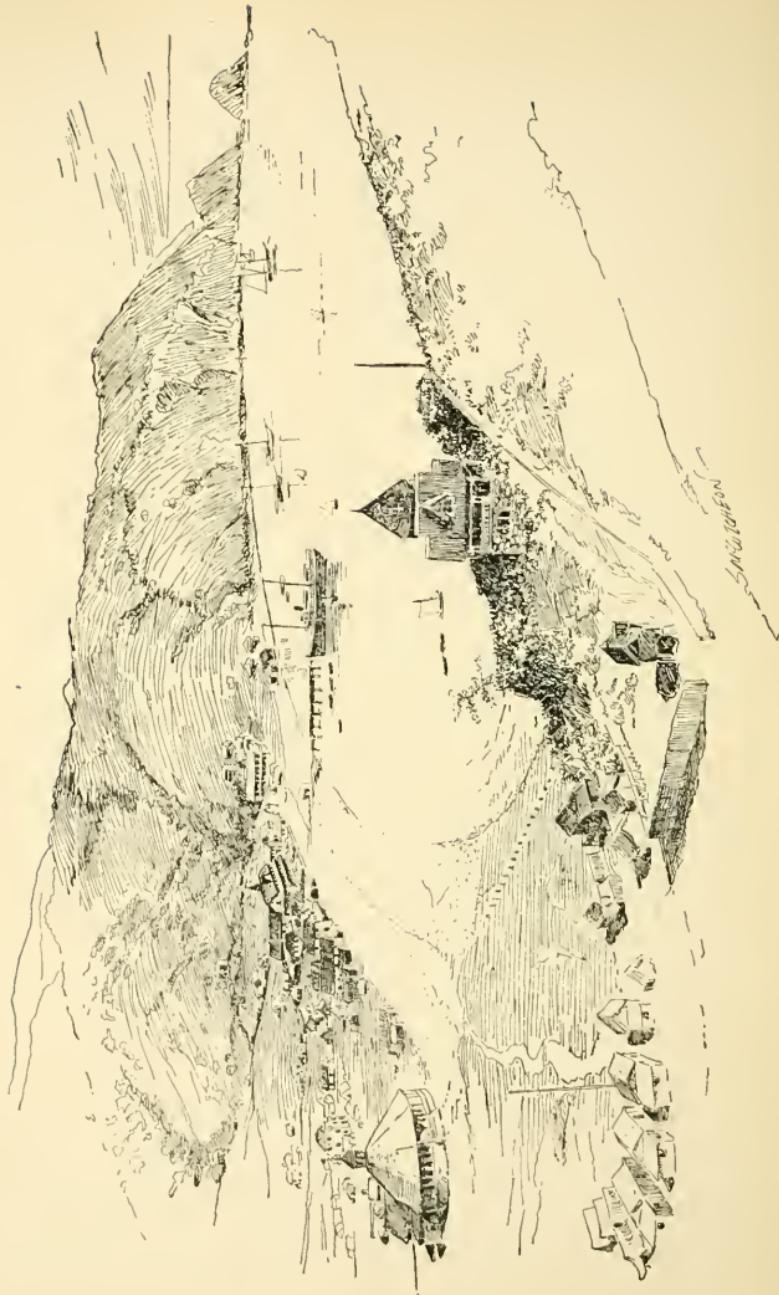
already familiar landmarks—San Jacinto, San Gorgonio, San Bernardino and San Antonio.

The high mountains seem like holy ground. The bigness of everything, the silence, the solemnity of the pines, the blue shadows of the mountains on the plain, the play of lights—it is all impressive, awe-inspiring, terrible. Standing upon Echo Rock with a wall of granite plunging down upon three sides into the depths of the Santa Anita Cañon, the immensity and sublimity of the scene is overpowering. Far down in the chasm are great pine trees, dwarfed and dim in the distance; rolling hills are creased up on the opposite side, that swell and mount and tower as they recede into great mountain ranges, and to the south the cañon opens out into the San Gabriel Valley, over fifty miles of which the eye can range with a single imperceptible tremor of the muscles. The air was so still that I longed for some sound to relieve the tension of sight. A butterfly fluttered past on noiseless wings. Then came a little low wail of the wind in the pine trees overhead, and a robin sounded a loud cheery note. I turned from the scene and plunged into the heart of the woods.

The old Wilson trail is not as broad and comfortable as the new, but it is wide enough for the sure-footed little burros which are used upon it and its irregularity enhances its picturesqueness. It winds down the mountain upon a steep grade into the Santa Anita Cañon, and follows the course of a cold, sparkling mountain stream, through the cooling shade of pines and great live oaks. It savors more of the mountains than a graded road, and leads the traveler into lovely nooks where ferns and mosses cling to the banks and where the silver voice of the brook is matched by the sweet trill of the chipping sparrow. The fragrant bay leaves lean out over the trail and brush against the face of the wayfarer. Great oaks spread their graceful arms above the path, while

here and there grow sycamores and alders leafing out in the bewitching tenderness of spring green. The silver thread of the brook slips over the rocks in waterfalls and lingers in crystal basins by the way. At last it mysteriously vanishes underground and a dry creek bed is all that remains. The trail emerges down a long, open and precipitous way on the side of the cañon, and terminates in a little grove of eucalyptus trees at Sierra Madre. Again the valley, and the mountains but a mysterious dream !





AVALON AND THE BAY — SANTA CATALINA ISLAND.

SANTA CATALINA ISLAND.

THE mountains and the sea are the two great revelations of the power and majesty of nature—the mountains passive and serene in their incomparable reach toward heaven, and the sea, tumultuous and passionate in its moods, elemental in its boisterous supremacy. With the soughing of the pine trees and the illimitable panorama of the plain fresh in mind, it is a wonder to step upon the little boat that steams bravely out of San Pedro Harbor for the island of Santa Catalina, and feel the broad, strong, even swell of the Pacific—to hear the cry of the gull and catch the salt sea smell. Small boats of every description lie at anchor in the little land-locked harbor, or dance merrily over the waters. Outside is a large schooner with a deckload of lumber awaiting a tug to tow it into port. A coasting steamer is lying at the wharf discharging its cargo. The water is blue and peaceful, and everyone is happy and confident of a quiet run out to the island, which is dimly seen through the haze, twenty-six miles off the coast.

Our little steamer rolls about somewhat as we pass out from the shelter of the harbor, but an obliging fellow-passenger explains to the ladies that it will be calm



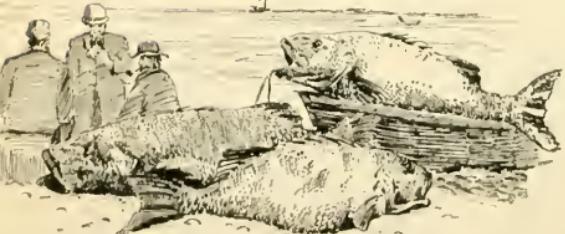
San Pedro

again as soon as we are well outside. It is quite amusing to all but one or two who are beginning to succumb to the swelling sea. The steamer plows ahead with the

regular throbbing of her engines, unmindful of the emotions of her passengers, and soon stands well out in the open channel. For some reason the rolling does not cease, and one by one the passengers become subdued, the ladies seeking their pillows and the men lounging about in an effort

to appear composed and not look pale. The steamer rolls in the trough of a very ordinary fair weather sea, but to the landsman it seems as if she were having a trying time of it. He may even wonder why the officers and men stand about with such an indifferent air when they ought to begin to seem a trifle anxious. Now and then a wave slaps up against the ship's side and throws a shower of salt water on the lower deck, wetting the unwary passengers who are sitting too close to the windward rail. One by one the unfortunates succumb, leaving only the few unsusceptible ones to walk about the deck and look as if they enjoyed the voyage. The Captain will no doubt tell you that this is the roughest passage in months, but, after all, he doesn't more than half mean it. It is only a little playful romp of the mighty sea, the joyful assertion of freedom accompanied by blue sky and white, glistening waves.

In an hour or two the steamer is well in the lea of the island, the rolling is less marked, and the passengers cheer up. They begin to look about for the spout of the California gray whale,



exclaim over the splash of a porpoise, and are finally restored to their normal equilibrium by the appearance of a school of flyingfish, skimming over the water with the lightness of a bird. Avalon, in its little half-moon bay, is now plainly visible, and the bold headlands fall off abruptly into the sea.

The little town of Avalon, nestled in its sheltered cove, with the mountains rising back of it on all sides and the sea sleeping at its feet, is the only settlement on the island. Along its main street are stores where curiosities, chiefly relating to Western life, are exposed for sale—shells and shell ornaments, Indian baskets, Mexican hats and photographs. The Hotel Metropole, where excellent accommodations may be had, stands out as the most conspicuous structure in the town, while all about are boarding houses, and, during the summer season, a village of tents where thousands of city people live for a happy month or two.

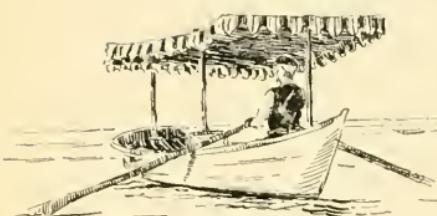
For those who are fond of sport the fishing is the great attraction, and such fishing as it is! Here may be caught funny monsters that weigh from one to five hundred pounds. The black sea bass, or jewfish as it is popularly termed, is the largest of its tribe which is captured here with hook and line. It is exciting sport to be towed by one of these great creatures, and after a long fight to land it; but, after all, the pride of conquest is the only reward, for the fish is not fit to eat when caught. There are, however, plenty of edible fish to be taken both with a hand line and rod and reel, which afford the fisherman all the sport he can ask for, and frequently more. Yellowtails, barracuda, rock bass and albacore are caught by the boatload during the fishing season.



How often, in looking over the blue waters of the ocean, we wonder at the mysterious life of its depths, and imagine the strange creatures which dwell there. Poets have described their fancies of it, scientists have written down in their exact language its characteristics, but what a revelation to see it for one's self! The glass-bottom boats are unique in California, I believe, although but an adaptation of the marine observation glass which has long been in use. From these boats it is possible to look down into the water to the depth of from fifty to

one hundred feet and observe the life as clearly as we look about us on land. Rowing over the kelp beds, the observer is suddenly transported into a wonder world which surpasses his most fantastic dreams. Great trees loom up

Glass bellomed boat



out of the gloom and spread their broad corrugated leaves of amber in the bright sunlight. They wave and sway with the gentle motion of the water, and in and out swim the fish, now darting into the shadow of the kelp and again flashing in the sunlight. Schools of little fish glide with lithe motions back and forth. The golden perch glistens in its radiant armor. Now and then the iridescence of a little rainbow fish shimmers in the sun ray. The boat floats over flower beds of red, green and blue seaweed, and over rocks which are alive with the strange creatures of the deep—spiny sea urchins, sprawling starfish, floating jellyfish, and those interesting low marine creatures, tunicates. All is silent save for the gentle lapping of the waves on the boat's side, but we are looking into another world with the same curiosity and awe that the inhabitants of Mars might look into ours. It is a fascinating, never-to-be-forgotten scene.

The mainland, too, is not without its charms. During my visit in April the island had a rather barren appearance, but the unprecedented dryness of the season was accountable for the parching of the verdure which should have clothed the hills at this season with an emerald robe. Prickly pear grows abundantly on the hill slopes and in the numerous cañons flourish scrub oaks and sycamores. In some of the more remote portions of the island's twenty miles of mountain scenery are streams, and trees of considerable size. Many of the plants upon Santa Catalina differ to a greater or less degree from the mainland forms, and there are even slight variations to be detected in some of the birds. Of these latter a goodly company is represented, for, besides the gulls, cormorants and many other sea birds on the coast, there are ravens and bald eagles, while in the shubbery the mocking bird and linnet are in song, together with a numerous array of our smaller land birds.

Goats have been turned loose on the island and are now wild, inhabiting the more inaccessible regions,



where they are hunted for sport by the indefatigable Nimrods who come to the island. A stage road has been built across the island and the ride over it is a memorable experience. The road winds in a serpentine trail up the bare mountainside, narrow and precipitous most of the way, with exhilarating views of land and sea. It is a slow, laborious ascent all the way to the summit, and the six horses pull with unremitting effort. The bold promontory upon which we finally rest commands a superb view of the blue, unruffled sea, with the shore line to the north and the far-away range of the Sierra Madre Mountains. I did not continue to the opposite side of the island, which, with the return trip, is an all-day's ride, but nevertheless found the journey an inspiring one.

When all are in the coach ready for the descent the driver gathers the reins of the six horses in his hands, cracks his whip, and away we go at a brisk trot. The light, intelligent leaders prick up their ears and seem to enter fully into the spirit of the run. The driver holds the brake with one foot, and as we swing round a curve, deftly gathers in the reins and turns his six trotting horses on the very brink of a precipice. Bowling down the road at a merry pace, we come upon a precipitous headland where the road turns in an ingenious loop. The horses seem about to plunge off into space, when the leaders suddenly turn and gracefully round the curve, starting off on the next stretch of road on the homeward run. We wonder at the skill of the driver and the intelligence of the horses, while the stirring grandeur of mountain and ocean fill us with awe.

Santa Catalina is a lovely spot in which to rest and dream away the summer days in a climate that is balmy and tempered, where the gentle breeze just ripples the undulating surface of the bay, and where the unending succession of fair days is a constant inducement to out-

of-door life. In this sheltered retreat of Avalon we are on historic ground, for here, centuries ago, the Indians lived in peace and caught their fish and hunted among the rocks for abalones; here came the discoverer of Alta California, Cabrillo; and later, he who christened it with its present name, Vizcaino. Still later it formed a retreat for the buccaneers of the coast, and then the Franciscans came to induce the Indians to leave their happy home and dwell and toil about the missions. At least this is the supposition, for the Indians have vanished from the island and left behind them only their mortars and other implements of stone and shell. In this quiet bay of Avalon the Indian fisherman has paddled his canoe, the Spanish caravels have sought refuge from the tempest, the freebooter has lain in wait for his prey, and today pleasure boats glide over its waters and the shrill whistle of the steamer sounds to warn us that the hour has come to leave for San Pedro.





RIVERSIDE COUNTY.

ONLY three miles south of San Bernardino lies the town of Colton, surrounded by fruit trees and in the midst of an agricultural district. Riverside, the mother of the orange culture of Southern California, extends along the valley of the Santa Ana River, six miles beyond. It is surrounded by rugged hills and mountain ranges which rise in striking contrast to the tropical verdure of the valley. All about the lowlands are orange groves and avenues of shade trees, broad irrigating ditches and gardens of flowers, while great boulder-covered hills rise from this verdant plain, bearing aloft a sterile waste which can only be paralleled on the Mojave Desert. Farther off, across the valley to the north, lies the San Bernardino Range, colored by the atmosphere a purplish blue, a beautiful ever-present background for the picturesque valley.

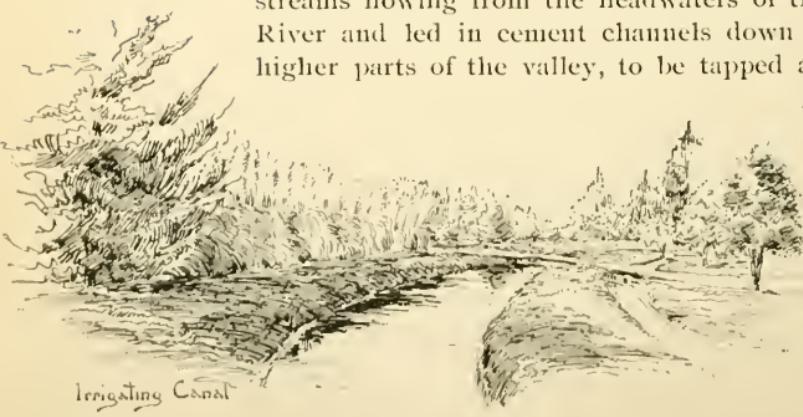
When I speak of Riverside as the mother of the citrus industry, I do not mean that the fruit was first grown here, but that this colony made the first and most conspicuous commercial success of orange raising, and first introduced the now famous Washington navel which has been distributed from this point throughout the citrus district. The two original trees grown from cuttings which had been imported at Washington from Brazil, still stand in the Riverside orchard, the parents of nearly all the orange groves of the State. For many years Riverside supplied half of the orange crop of Southern California, but the recent development of new districts has reduced this proportion to about a third. The actual number of carloads exported has, however,

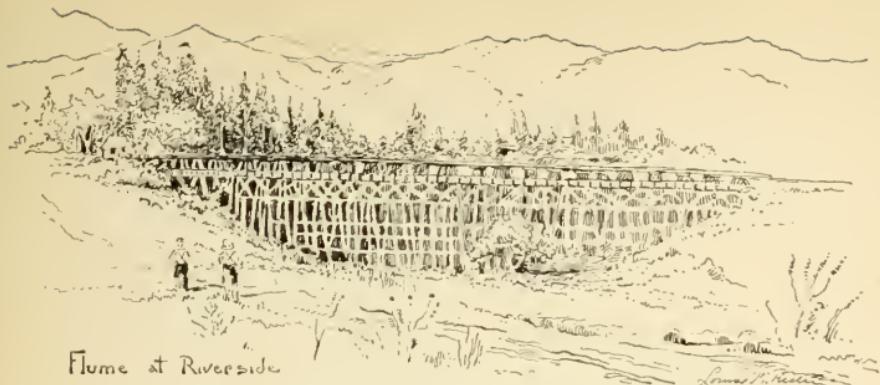


steadily increased, until it is estimated that the crop of the present year will exceed three thousand cars.

The orange is the staff of life in this district. It is the golden yield for which all men toil. Its culture has been reduced to a fine art, and I venture to say that, search the wide world over, no spot could be found where the cultivation of the soil is conducted more intelligently, more scientifically, more beautifully. The fruit growers of Riverside came here largely from the East and middle West, and the brains and labor which they have expended with unremitting zeal is an indication of American character of which the whole country may well be proud. The original intention of the colony was to grow the mulberry tree and propagate the silk-worm; but this plan was soon abandoned and the people turned their attention successively to the raising of walnuts, deciduous fruits and grapes. When the Washington navel orange was discovered and its success demonstrated, practically all the farms of the country were planted with this tree.

The first requisite for success in the culture of the orange is an abundance of water. In this section as in so many other districts of Southern California, which were found a desert occupied by a scanty, unprogressive Mexican population, and which have been made by Saxon industry perennial gardens of verdure and bloom, the irrigating ditch has been the magic wand of transformation. At Riverside there are three canals for irrigating the adjacent country. They are broad, even streams flowing from the headwaters of the Santa Ana River and led in cement channels down through the higher parts of the valley, to be tapped all along the



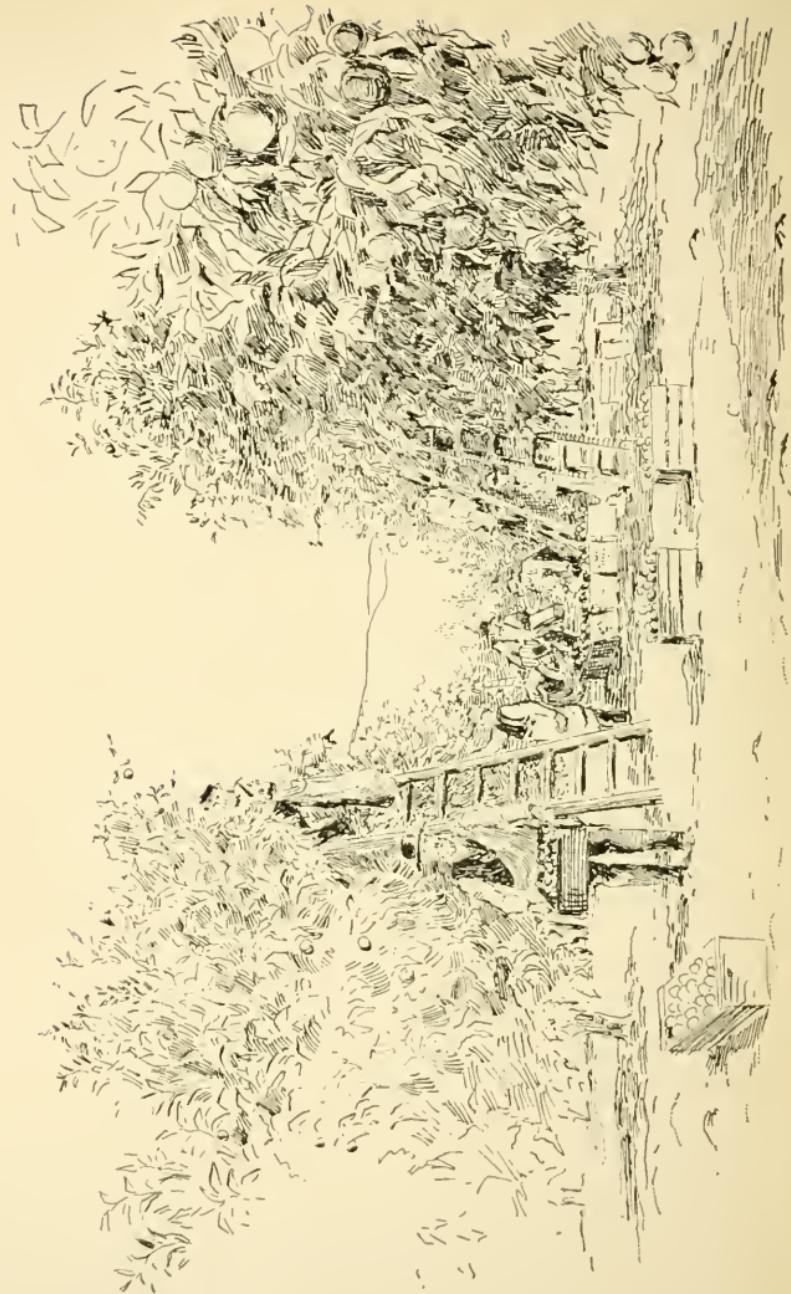


Flume at Riverside

way by smaller rivulets which supply the orchards. They are exceedingly picturesque in their windings and turnings, now flanked by orchards, and again with rows of palms bordering the ever-flowing water. Here rise imposing groves of eucalyptus, their dark foliage and white stems reflected in the placid stream; there extends a bank of pampas grass, its white waving plumes bending over the water; and again the ditch winds serenely down an uncultivated reach of plain where the rocky mountain slopes are full in view.

The orchards are irrigated from four times a year to twice a month according to the location of the land, little rills of water being directed between the rows of trees, where they flow from twelve to twenty-four hours continuously. After irrigating an orchard it is always cultivated and the ground is left perfectly level and finely pulverized. The trees are watched and tended with the same scrupulous care that a millionaire's trotting horses receive. As a temperature of 25° Fahr., which is about the minimum in the orange district, is low enough to damage the fruit and new leaves, fires are lighted throughout the groves whenever the thermometer threatens to fall so low, and the temperature is increased by this dry heat to the safety mark, which is about 38° . The soil is enriched with





fertilizers from time to time and the trees are trimmed with great regularity and uniformity.

As the orange ripens throughout the winter months at varying intervals, fruit is being constantly picked and carried to the packing houses at this season. Both white and Japanese labor is employed in this work, but the cultivating, plowing and general care of the trees is as a rule done by the owner of the orchard. At the packing houses, twenty-nine of which were in operation during the past season, the oranges, which are brought loosely packed in boxes, are weighed and, if necessary, cleaned by groups of young men and women who scrub

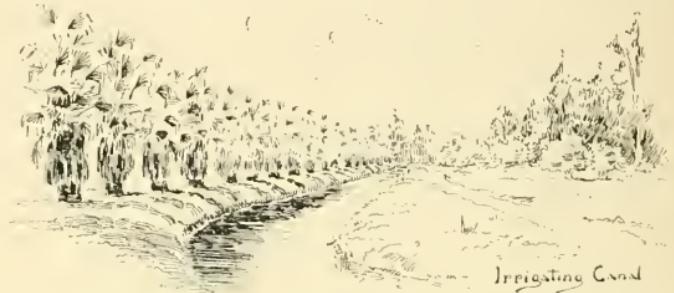


Irrigating an orange orchard

the fruit to remove the scales or any surface imperfections. It is then thrown into the grader, a device for automatically assorting the fruit in lots of uniform size, and as it rolls into the various compartments it is taken out by hand, incased in tissue paper by a dexterous toss and twist, and packed ready for shipment. Each box is then put under a press where the bulging covers are nailed down, and it is ready to take its place in the freight car which stands at the door. Here the boxes are stood on end with an air space between each row, and all are securely fastened with braces. When the

cars are packed they are sent to San Bernardino to be iced and thence on their long journey to give refreshment to countless multitudes in the snow-encompassed cities of the North and East.

It need not be a matter of surprise that a community which has shown so much ability in bringing the orange



industry to this high degree of perfection is a settlement of intelligent, dignified men and women, justly proud of what they have accomplished, but nevertheless ready and eager to grow in strength and culture. They possess a fine school system, including a large, well equipped high school, and saloons are not tolerated in their midst.

Aside from the beauty of the great reaches of orange groves and the garden plots about the homes, in the setting of rugged mountains, the most picturesque feature of Riverside is Magnolia avenue, a broad double street extending for miles down the valley. Along its center is a continuous line of pepper trees, with twisted and spreading branches bearing their vivid green streamers of foliage, drooping, and waving with every breath of

wind. In vivid contrast are the great eucalyptus trees, lofty and dignified, with straight bare trunks one after another in stately defile down



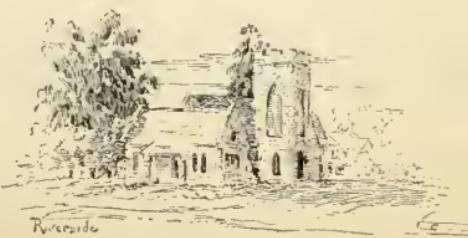
one side of the avenue. Upon the other side are rows of lofty palms, their great trunks amply sheathed in a garment of dead leaves, and high in the air the clusters of large fan-shaped leaves, picturesque with their ragged edges. The border of palms is varied from time to time by magnolias, cypresses, grevillas and other ornamental trees, while orchards and gardens extend back to the half-hidden homes along the way. It is a most imposing avenue, without a parallel in its grace and repose.

So then, while the air is heavy with the perfume of

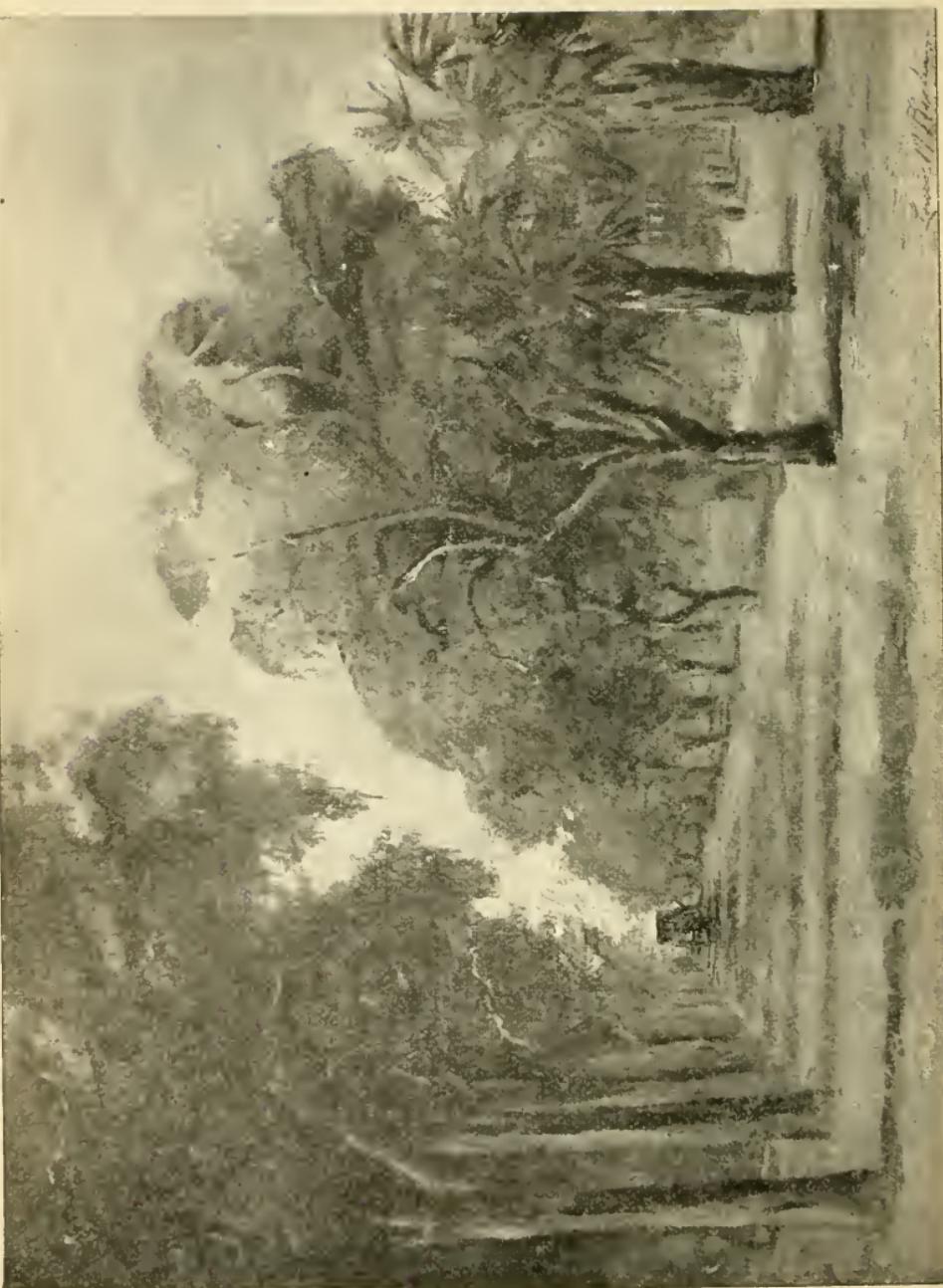


the orange blossoms, while the oriole is singing his summer song in the grevilia and the people are keeping cool as best they may in canvas coats, let us glance over some other portions of the district named after its county seat, Riverside.

From Highgrove the train for San Jacinto winds up the mountains over a desert waste. It is not quite like the desert across the San Bernardino Mountains, for there is some indication of green in the landscape, and in an occasional gully a few small sycamores maintain an unequal struggle for existence, but in the main the hill slopes are covered with great boulders and the mesa land with sand and sagebrush. There is, however, a



MAGNOLIA AVENUE, RIVERSIDE.



bigness and freedom and promise about even these waste places of the mighty West that to the initiated is full of inspiration and exhilaration. A sun-burnt rider lopes carelessly over the mesa land. A road-runner darts through the chaparral. A parting glimpse is revealed of the green Santa Ana Valley about Highgrove and Riverside. Far to the southward lies the mighty San Jacinto—the dominating landmark of this section. It is Southern California unchanged by the benediction of water and the toil of man.

Perris is the first town beyond the divide separating the Santa Ana from the San Jacinto watershed. It is a small settlement of a few hundred people, but important as a base of supplies for a number of gold mines in the adjacent mountains and as the center of a large agricultural district. From this point on to San Jacinto the valley is one vast grain field, interrupted here and there by orchards and garden plots. At Hemet a flour mill, well equipped with modern appliances, has been erected, and an excellent little brick hotel is located but a few minutes' walk from the depot.

The Hemet orchard and farm lands are supplied with water by one of those wonderful irrigating systems by means of which Southern California has made herself a power in the land. Far off in the mountains, at an elevation of over four thousand feet, the San Jacinto River flowed through a granite gorge, and modern engineering has contrived to build a great dam here, over a hundred and twenty feet in height and a hundred feet in thickness at the base, imprisoning a lake of water nearly three miles in length. The water is carried in pipe and ditch a distance of twenty miles, being stored in a receiving reservoir on the way and thence distributed with great uniformity and accuracy over the Hemet lands.

San Jacinto, which is the terminus of one branch of



the railroad, lies in the midst of a prosperous farming district but a few miles beyond Hemet. Grain is the staple product. It is grown on a large scale and is cut and threshed by great harvesting machines with their train of ten or fifteen horses and as many men. It is a striking contrast to the methods in use by the Mexicans but little more than a generation ago, when, according to a chronicler of the events of the mission days, the grain was piled in a corral, into which a band of wild horses was turned. The shouting and gesticulating of the vaqueros kept the horses plunging about until the



threshing was accomplished. The winnowing was effected by selecting a windy day and throwing the wheat and chaff into the air, thus allowing the latter to blow away.

In addition to the grain growing and raising of deciduous fruits there are large flocks of sheep and herds of cattle roaming the hills and the borders of the San Jacinto Valley. Higher in the mountains grow the pine woods in such considerable forests that lumbering is carried on extensively. Here also is a favorite resort, Strawberry Valley, where people from all over the

heated lowlands repair during the summer months to enjoy the freedom of forest life.

A few miles east of San Jacinto lies the quaint little Indian village of Sobobo. The road to the settlement traverses the bed of the San Jacinto River, which, in fact, is normally no river at all but a wide level trench of gravel bordered with willows and cottonwoods, and with clusters of wild verbena growing in the sandy soil. The lark finch sings his little ditty by the roadside and the pallid horned toad, which is really a broad flat lizard with curious excrescences on its head and back, scrambles over the sand and stones. The range of mountains lying to the north of the river bed, is dark and barren looking; in the twilight it seems like a huge pile of iron rolled and molded into a vast heap. Off to the east Mount San Jacinto lifts its mighty bulk to an elevation of over eleven thousand feet, topped with snow and pine-clad upon its higher slopes, the great forests showing dimly from the valley like a scanty covering of brush.

Sobobo is pleasantly situated upon a cluster of little hills and the adjacent plain. Much of the land is barren, but an irrigating ditch flows through the town bordered with cottonwoods and with garden land below it. The little frame Catholic church, unadorned save with a cross, stands out on the plain, with the burying ground not far away marked by a solitary pepper tree, a large cross, and many fenced graves. The houses are chiefly of adobe, simple and picturesque, although a few frame structures obtrude their commonplace forms. The poorer families live in huts of brush which are some-





times the merest makeshifts patched with old gunny sacks and rubbish.

I observed one old woman sitting on the ground with a piece of rusty iron in her hand, digging a hole in the sandy soil, and wondered what she was about. She seemed to be in no hurry and mumbled to me in a jargon of Spanish and Indian as she worked. Presently the hole was completed, for she stood up and inserted a stake which she had brought to the spot. With the same deliberation another hole was dug and another stake stood in place. Other sticks and a pile of brush lying close at hand were to take their place upon the structure and ere night this venerable and deliberate builder of houses would doubtless be ensconced in her new home. Even the birds labor with more design than this upon their nests!

I went into many of the houses in search of baskets, but my quest was not unlike Paddy's effort to get a frying pan on the coast of France. I would greet the bright-faced women who sat by the door with their patchwork or were busy within about the cooking, with a polite "*buenas tardes!*" as if I were a master of the language, and then, after a courteous rejoinder I proceeded to ask them if they had any baskets, to which they generally shook their heads or answered, "*no sabe.*"

However, I managed to make them understand, and incidentally saw many picturesque glimpses of their simple home life—the girl returning from the spring with a pail of water in each hand, the dark adobe room with glowing coals in the fireplace and the steaming pot, the black-eyed children



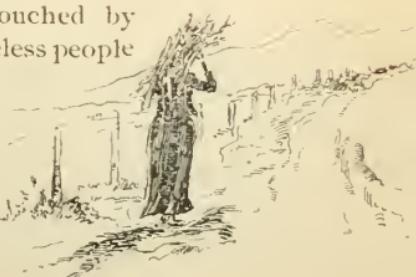
playing with their dolls and the group of men chatting while they soaked their rawhide thongs in the ditch. The simplicity and intimate familiarity of old and young, the gentleness and placidity of their life was charming and fraught with many a lesson for those who would fain be their teachers.

Despite all this, the visit left in the mind more of pathos than of joy. The cough of the consumptive was heard only too frequently in this little town of two hundred, and the evidences of poverty, idleness and drink were all too apparent. With abundant opportunity to raise their own vegetables, they nevertheless depend on a Chinese vender who comes with his wagon from town and supplies their very moderate wants. The men do



the sheep shearing for the country round, but many of them get drunk when paid off and gamble away their money within a few days. It is the old story of the gradual absorption, conquest and extermination, conscious or unconscious, of the native races wherever the Anglo-Saxon comes in their midst. These remnants of the Mission Indians have seen their lands slip away from them and their people die off without protest or opposition. The causes are partly internal, partly external, but the results are one of the sad but seemingly inevitable attendants of the march of civilization.

Helen Hunt Jackson's heart was so touched by what she saw of the wrongs of these defenseless people





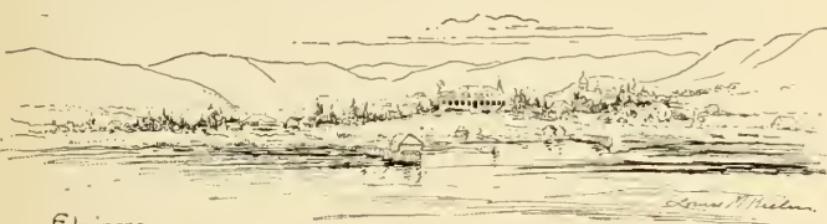
that she was moved to write "Ramona." After looking into the faces of some of these fine, manly, yet gentle Indians, it is quite conceivable that Alessandro was by no means an impossible character. I talked with Mrs. M. E. Sheriff Fowler who established here the first Indian school in Southern California, and who did much to aid Mrs. Jackson in gathering material for "Ramona." She is full of sympathy for the unfortunate people, but feels that their condition is on the whole better today than it was a few years ago, through the influence of the school, the missionaries, and the interest and sympathy aroused by Mrs. Jackson's powerful book.

Another branch of the railroad leads from Perris to Lake Elsinore, following the course of the San Jacinto River. The first impression of Elsinore is of a bold and barren country with a long, narrow sheet of water hemmed in by mountains which, across on the southern side, rise in a seemingly abrupt range. The little village of Elsinore lies in a narrow valley extending off from the northern shore of the lake, and is notable for its hot sulphur springs. The baths here are delightful and have proved especially successful in the treatment of rheumatic and blood complaints. The water is peculiarly soft and soothing, and, despite the strong infusion of sulphur, clear as crystal.

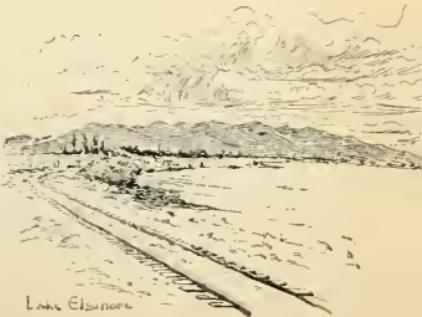
The lake is six miles in length and two and a half miles wide, with orchards and farms along its shores where figs and oranges are grown as well as grain. In



the sheltered cañons the sycamore thrives, and by the stream are willows, but the open country is covered with only a low growth of chaparral except high up among the mountains where dark pines march in silent defile up the steep slopes. With great clouds curling amid the high places and sunlight breaking through here and there upon the dark water, with squalls sweeping across the lake attended by showers, and white crests that glisten through the mist, with chattering swallows darting hither and thither and coots hurrying to shelter along the shore, Lake Elsinore is full of the witchery of a nature drama — a living, ever-changing scene of conflict

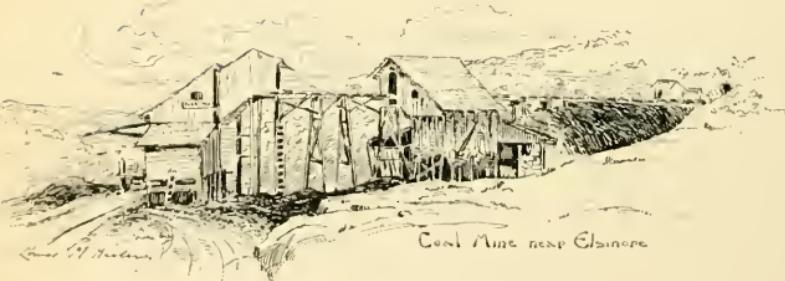


and triumph. Again, when the sun's first rays are thrust out from behind the range of mountains to glance over the glassy, unwrinkled surface of the lake and the beautiful contour of the mountains is mirrored on the motionless water, nature seems to be enthralled by a spell of beauty. To those who are alive to the subtle moods of the outdoor world, this region is full of change and charm. There is boating upon the lake — rowing, sailing and cruising in the naphtha launch — a splendid roadway for driving all around it, and many excursions off from its shores. In summer the temperature mounts high, but a cool breeze generally blows in the afternoon, and the dryness of the air makes the heat endurable.



The mountains of the Elsinore region are rich in mineral and clay. Ore heavy with gold and silver has been discovered, asbestos has been taken out in quantities sufficient to make it a commodity of commerce on a small scale, and a coal mine is located here, constantly employing a force of from fifteen to thirty miners. There are mountains of potters' clay in the same vicinity, which is capable of supplying an almost unlimited demand for material not only for pipe and tile but also for the most refined products of the potter's craft.

With all this mineral wealth, with its sulphur springs, its boating and its agricultural resources, the Elsinore region will certainly some day be one of the important sections of Southern California, but it needs the quickening touch of enterprise and capital to develop its resources which lie so close at hand. Already there is a good hotel here, and the rest will come with time.



SAN DIEGO COUNTY.

THIE history of California is written in the deeds of but three full generations of men. A little over a century ago it was the undisputed home of hosts of Indians who lived their simple life in its valleys, undreaming of the vast changes which many of them would be called upon to witness. To be sure, there were vague stories among them of strange men who had visited their shores, for Cabrillo and Vizcaino had been here more than a century earlier, and Sir Francis Drake — a dim foreshadowing of the two races which were destined in time to contend for supremacy in this land by the western sea — but the simple people lived the life of their fathers, hunting for game in the mountains, grinding their acorns in stone mortars, weaving their baskets, loving and sorrowing with little thought of the morrow.

It was the pious zeal of Father Junipero Serra which occasioned the first great change. He had longed to devote his life to the conversion of the California Indians, and when at last the opportunity arrived, although no longer young, he welcomed it with all the fervor of his devoted nature, and accomplished by peaceful means the subjugation of the natives of California which Spain had in vain attempted to achieve by force of arms.

It was at San Diego that the great work of his life commenced. Here, after a fatiguing overland journey from Mexico, he stood upon the shore of the bay and ministered to the scurvy-stricken crew of the ship which had come to assist him. Here many of the party were buried, but, undeterred by so inauspicious an omen, he





undertook the task which he so longed to see accomplished—the conversion of the Indians.

Mass was first celebrated in a rude inclosure of reeds, the mission bells being suspended from the overhanging limb of a tree. The Indians did not look upon the intruders with favor, and a month after their arrival attacked them with bows and arrows, killing one of the party, while the guns of the mission soldiers replied with deadly effect. The gentleness and forbearance of Father Serra and his coworkers soon restored peace, however, and for the first few years the little Spanish settlement by the sea was unmolested.

Six years after the arrival of the Franciscans at San Diego, during the first year that the American colonies had arisen in revolt against their English taskmasters, Father Serra, little knowing of the momentous conflict upon the Atlantic shore, and without a suspicion that the result of that war might one day determine the destiny of this land of his adoption, moved the mission to a more favorable location a few miles inland, at a point commanding a beautiful view of the willow-lined San Diego River as it wound down to the sea. During this same memorable year, the Indians, incensed by the conversion and baptism of sixty of their number, fell upon the mission and burned it, killing one of the



fathers, the blacksmith and carpenter. Undismayed and unrevengeful, Father Serra and his fellow Franciscans commenced the task of rebuilding the mission and pacifying the Indians.

Such, in brief was the inaugural of the Spanish occupation of California, an episode unique in history—an order of beggar priests growing into a federation of potentates as absolute in temporal as in spiritual power, the feudal chiefs of principalities centering about the chain of missions which extended along the coast of California from San Diego to Sonoma, literally the fathers of the children of the land, constituting a system of vassalage conceived and executed in a decade.

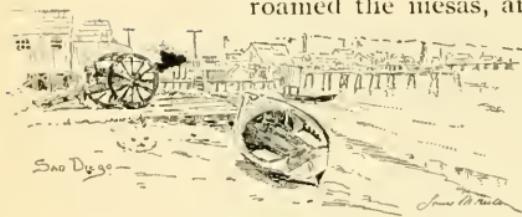
It was a strange power which the fathers acquired over the Indians. With but a corporal's guard of soldiers they gained the mastery over many tribes, inducing them to live about the missions, persuading them to accept the religion of the Cross, gradually tightening the bands which held them subject until they had them completely under control, compelling them to learn and to labor, imposing tasks and penances, and exacting obedience in all things. The women were taught to spin, weave and sew, and the men were taught a great variety of trades and industries. The more intelligent ones were instructed in reading and singing while some learned to play upon various musical instruments.

At last, when the missions were at the height of their power and success, came from Mexico the dread order of secularization, abolishing the rule of the Franciscans and proclaiming the independence of the Indians. But the Indians, alas, had been taught only enough to make them useful to the church, not enough to make them self-sustaining under their new conditions. The rule of the Franciscans was a mild slavery, but release from this bondage meant inevitable degeneration and death. They were happy, for the most part, in their



slavery, and in the main they have been contented in the gradual disintegration which has followed it, but this does not lessen the shame of their unhappy destiny, crushed and scattered as they have been by the rude world which is the vanguard of modern civilization.

Side by side with the missions grew up the Mexican pueblos and the ranches which became most prosperous as the missions drew near the end of their days of power. These were the times of whitewashed adobe homes with roofs of dull red tile, with wide verandas and sunny patios. They were the days of dark caballeros with gay costumes and jangling spurs and silver-mounted bridles, of tinkling guitars that marked the rhythm for merry dancers, and of free, open-handed hospitality. They were the days when the saints controlled the destinies of high and low. Great herds of cattle roamed the mesas, and bands of sheep cropped the herbage started into life by the winter rains.

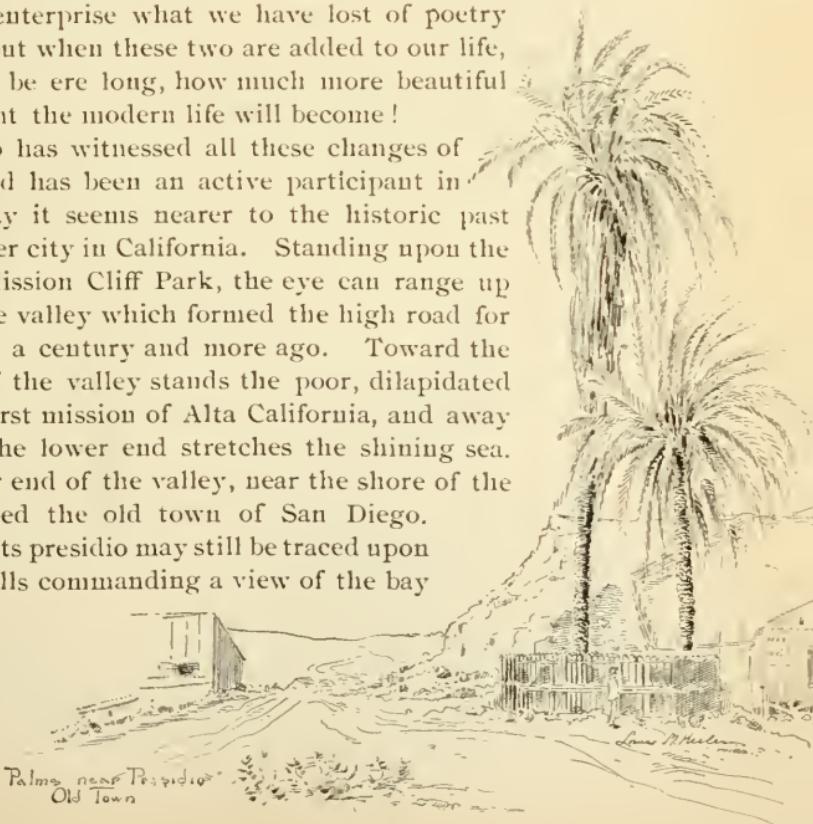


Then came Fremont and Stockton. There was a clash of arms, a conquering and settling of the land, and the Mexican life vanished like a dream. Impenetrably it shrank away before the host of invaders who have made the Golden West of today. Now there is a clang of electric car bells where once the clumsy old two-wheeled ox cart rumbled with its load of hides, and polished carriages roll smoothly over the asphalt streets where once the Spanish rider proudly cantered down the dusty road. The adobe houses have crumbled and the tiled roofs are scattered to the winds, replaced by the more comfortable and convenient, but less simple and picturesque homes of the American.

It is all very different, this era of progress. It brought with it the boom, an extravagant, unreasonable

inflation of all values and prospects, followed by the inevitable collapse and then a slow but steady and healthful recuperation. But the life of today is not like that of old, and can we say that it is in all ways better? The old was in the main an unthinking, unprogressive race under the domination of the priests, superstitious and credulous, while the new is the earnest, ambitious American, liberal in thought and quick in action. But in the new we miss something of the sweet repose of the old. The childlike simplicity is gone, and the open-hearted hospitality. There was a picturesque charm, an idyllic beauty, about the adobe home and the life centered there, which does not invest the motley rows of houses constituting a modern American town or city. Nevertheless, there is a promise of latent power, an earnest of the life of a generation to follow, in all this busy outreaching and heterogeneous stir which was wholly lacking in the pueblo. We have gained in science and enterprise what we have lost of poetry and repose, but when these two are added to our life, as they must be ere long, how much more beautiful and significant the modern life will become!

San Diego has witnessed all these changes of a century and has been an active participant in them. Today it seems nearer to the historic past than any other city in California. Standing upon the heights of Mission Cliff Park, the eye can range up and down the valley which formed the high road for Father Serra a century and more ago. Toward the upper end of the valley stands the poor, dilapidated ruin of the first mission of Alta California, and away off beyond the lower end stretches the shining sea. At this lower end of the valley, near the shore of the bay, is located the old town of San Diego. The ruins of its presidio may still be traced upon one of the hills commanding a view of the bay





in one direction and of the valley with its mission in the other. Upon a considerably higher knoll the earthworks of

Fort Stockton are plainly visible, the two fortifications telling of more than a passing episode in the history of California.

The home of Don Juan Bandini stands in the center of old San Diego, sadly changed by the addition of a frame upper story and a great black sign painted upon its side. Señor Bandini was a man of considerable importance in the days of the Mexican supremacy, and a firm friend of the Americans, in consequence of which friendship, it is said, he lost his large estate in Lower California. Added interest is attached to his personality from the prominence with which he figures in Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast." It was but a mile or two lower down on the beach from Old Town that Dana encamped at the hide house, and where his Kanaka friend, of whom he gives so touching an account, lived and died.

Opposite the Bandini house is a tiled roofed adobe, tenantless and forlorn, which was formerly the home of the Estudillos, a wealthy and influential Mexican family of the early days. The interest which now invests the place, however, is occasioned by the reference to it in "Ramona" as the residence of Father Gaspara and the

account of Alessandro and Ramona signing there the marriage record. The old adobe church where, according to Mrs. Jackson's touching story, the marriage was solemnized, stands near the quaint adobe-walled cemetery,



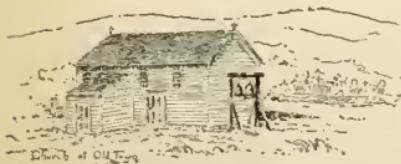
Indian School at San Diego Mission



but the clapboard sheathing, added as protection from the weather, hardly enhances the picturesque effect.

Modern San Diego is situated on the bay shore two or three miles below Old Town. The residence portion of the city lies upon the hills overlooking the beautiful sweep of bay and ocean, while the business section is located on the lower ground reaching down toward the water. The waterfront, known in the local vernacular as "Stingaree Town," is a motley but very picturesque section — with fishermen's shanties standing on stilts out over the water, backed by irregular streets of the Chinese quarter where John chatters with his neighbor or gravely smokes his pipe while watching the group of children, with almond eyes and dangling queues of silk, playing in the doorway. Farther along on the waterfront is the shipping, with the large wharf of Spreckles for unloading coaling vessels, and the Santa Fe pier.

The business part of the town contains many substantial well-built modern blocks, the buildings in mission style being a feature of the local architecture, linking in sentiment the traditions of the past with the life of today. The large, well-appointed salt-water baths near the Santa Fe depot and one of the livery stables show the possibility of adapting this architecture to a variety of uses. Electric car lines afford transportation over the city, which extends over a surprisingly large



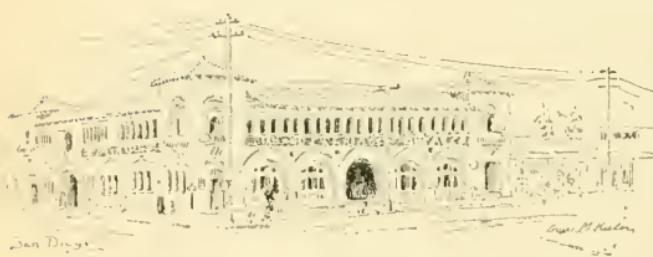


area of country in a rather narrow strip overlooking the bay.

Many fine, large residences line the heights, and the visitor from the East is everywhere impressed by the profusion of flowers. Even the cottages have their rose gardens and blooming vines clambering up over the roofs, and in one garden beside a very modest little home I first saw bananas in fruit, drooping in great clusters amid the immense green leaves of the plant. The view from this elevated portion of the town is ever changing with the atmospheric effects. Point Loma

is seen as a great, bold headland thrust from the north down into the ocean, and forming within its capacious shelter a long sweep of bay circling in and around

to the southeast with a shore line of some twenty miles. From the southern end of the bay, not far from the boundary line of Mexico, a low and exceedingly narrow sand spit, the Coronado peninsula, reaches up in a curving sweep toward Point Loma, widening out into two flat blotches of land near the upper end, and leaving but a narrow passage into the still water of the inner bay. From the hills of the city this rather unusual combination of abrupt headland and low curving peninsula of sand, with the bay within and the sea without, is in full view, with a foreground of hilly tops and city streets, and on



the horizon line the blue Coronado Islands. Under a sunny sky the water of the bay is sometimes as blue as indigo, with the far-away land bathed in purple mist, while a foggy atmosphere alters the hues to a dull blue and steel gray, with patches of shimmering silver light upon the water where the sun breaks through in streaming rays.

The back country about San Diego was something of a surprise to me, as I had expected to find much less cultivation and the desert much nearer to the coast. [I was scarcely prepared for the great extent of orange and lemon groves, of olive orchards, in some instances consisting of large trees, fifteen or more years of age, of loquats and figs. Chula Vista and the El Cajon Valley are especially notable for their extensive and well-kept orchards, and the latter district is famous for its finely cured raisins. Grain is cultivated in that part of the valley land which is not planted with fruit trees, and stock ranges over the mountains.

The Fanita Rancho in the El Cajon is one of the large cattle ranches of the district. It is a lovely region with the willow-lined San Diego River flowing between hills which lead up to the imposing and abrupt El Cajon Mountain, and beyond it the sharp peak of Cuyamaca thrust into the clouds. A lovely little pond lies in the upper part of the valley, near the shore of which stands an excellent hotel known as The Lakeside. A stage road leads to Alpine, farther up in the mountains—a



San Diego



County House - San Diego



OJ Mission Dam
Fiesta Rancho

charming little resort among the oak trees—while at still greater altitudes are forests of pine and fir. Beyond all this, but many miles inland, lies the Colorado Desert, a portion of which is depressed about three hundred feet below the level of the sea.

A favorite excursion from San Diego is through

National City, Chula Vista and Otay across the United States boundary into old Mexico. Tia Juana, the little town across the border, suffered from a disastrous flood a few years ago, and has been rebuilt as a rather commonplace Mexican hamlet. There are stores where Mexican curios are exposed for sale, and Reuben, the guide who conducts parties across the line, is worth a trip to almost any place to see. With the exception of the ostriches, I do not remember to have seen anything in Southern California quite so original and unusual as Reuben. He is dark—very dark, in fact—and his mouth may be fitly compared with the corresponding portion of the above-mentioned bird. But the most striking thing about him is the immense sombrero which quite leaves the wearer in the shade. I have no vivid recollection of anything he showed us during the 'bus ride from the railroad terminus to Tia Juana except his



picture and the boundary line, but nevertheless Reuben is a very talkative and a very important personage.

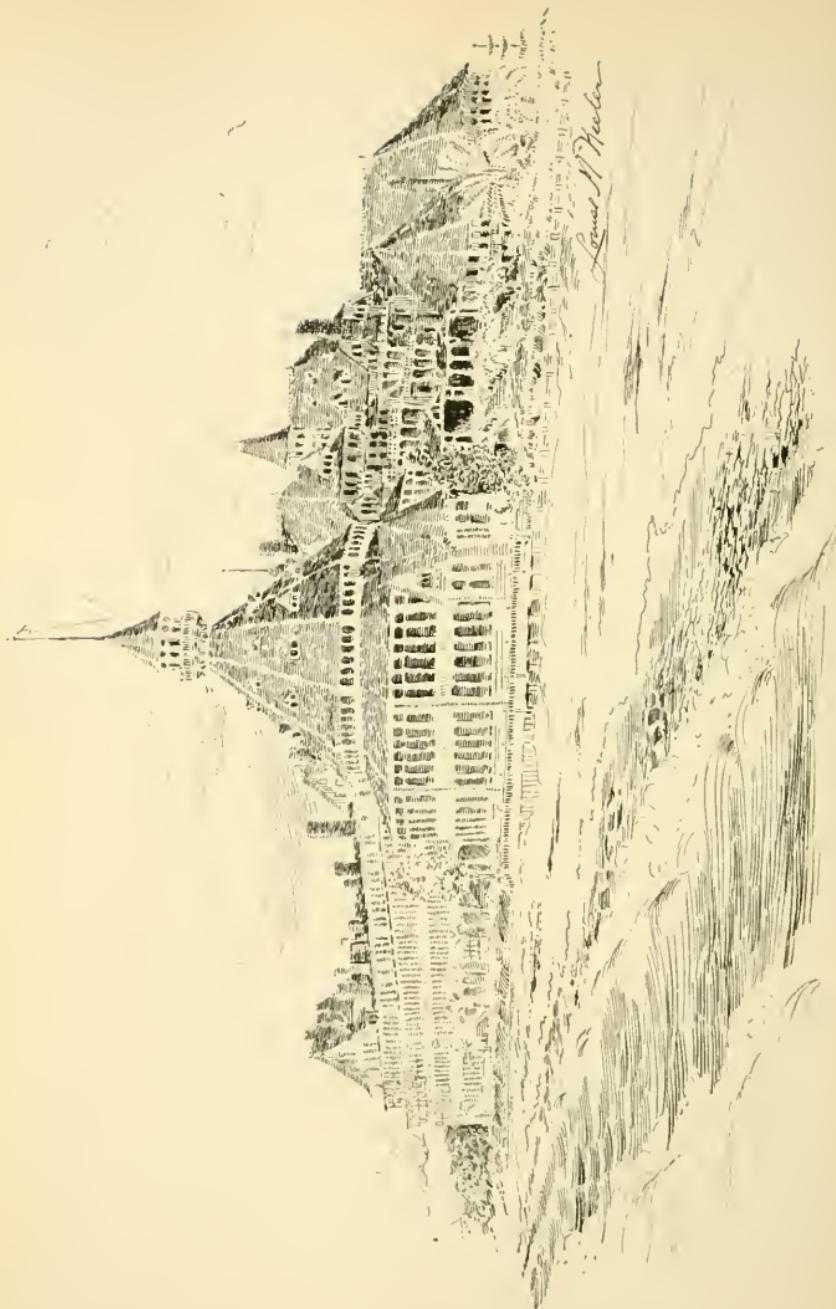
The Tia Juana excursion is not complete without a passing glimpse of the Sweetwater dam. This great pile of masonry incloses a lake at the foot of San Miguel Peak, which furnishes water for irrigating many miles of orchard land below it. It is the most accessible of the irrigating storage systems of Southern California, and is of great interest as an illustration of the immense obstacles which have been surmounted in bringing water to the land.

The objective point, sooner or later, of all travelers in this region of the Pacific Coast, is the Hotel del Coronado, which stands unique among the pleasure resorts of America. It is a mammoth frame structure built upon the very brink of the ocean, where the murmur of the waves breaking upon the beach is ever in the air. But a stone's throw across the sandy rim of beach lie the still waters of the bay, where row and sail boats are floating at anchor or cutting their keen way through the rippling tide. The hotel stands where the thread of sand separating bay and sea suddenly widens out into a considerable peninsula, while to the northwest lies the town of Coronado Beach, the site of many fine residences, gardens and avenues. There is a botanical garden here, a very picturesque little stone church, and beautiful views of ocean, bay and mountains. It is connected with San Diego by a ferry which makes trips every twenty minutes during the day and every forty minutes at night.

On approaching the hotel for the first time, the visitor is impressed by its immense size and its freedom from architectural conventions. It is painted white with red roofs, and the lines are so varied and broken by great turrets, spires, towers and dormer windows that it presents a very unique and striking appearance. There



Tia Juana



HOTEL DEL CORONADO, SAN DIEGO.

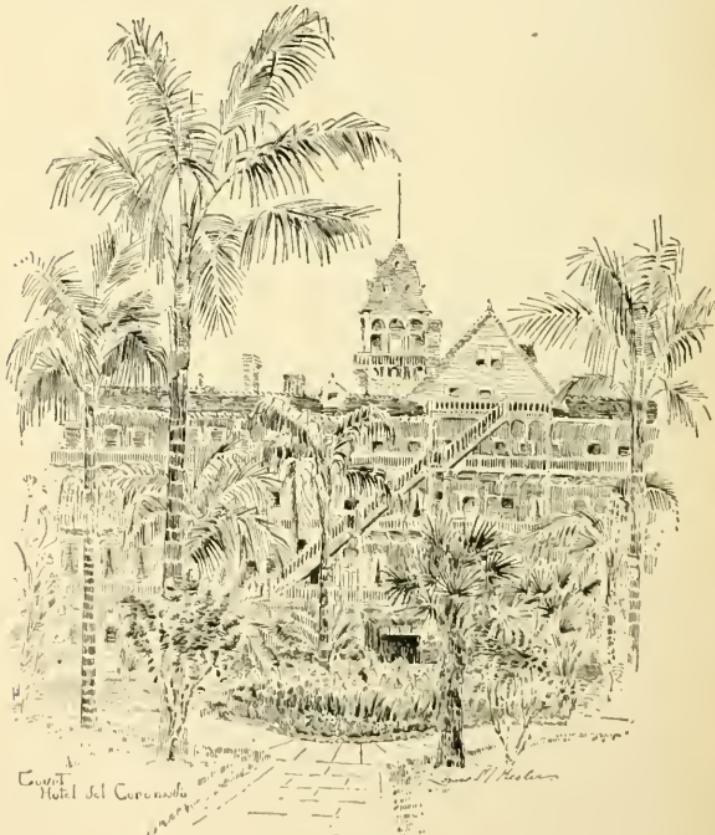
surely was never another building constructed on similar lines. With all its seeming irregularity, however, it is built about an immense rectangular court open to the sky and inclosing a beautiful tropical garden. The corridors are open and extend all around this court, connected by outside stairways with lattice-work railing. Here rare tropical palms grow to immense size and the air is fragrant with the perfume of the lemon blossom. The California valley quail, in showy plumage and erect helmet crest, runs about here perfectly at home, and humming birds, with their high, fine chatter, dart from blossom to blossom. The blithe notes of the linnet and the sweet pipe of the song sparrow is ever in the air and everything about the court bespeaks rest and peace.

The interior furnishings are luxurious. From the office extends a succession of reception rooms, a ladies' billiard room, writing room, and parlors, with the immense pavilion for entertainments upon the southwestern corner. From the cosy breakfast room a charming view of the sea is presented, with the garden of palms and flowers in the foreground and beyond it the line of sandy beach and foamy breakers. The main dining room is a vast hall capable of accommodating nearly a thousand persons, and during meal hours presents a striking and brilliant scene of animation.

Along the ocean side is a great glass-covered veranda where the broad expanse of the sea lies in its majestic reach, with the graceful curve of the outer bay from Point Loma on the west around to the southeastern headland. The rocky Coronado Islands are full before us and an occasional yacht or merchant vessel may be seen standing off the coast as it beats to the windward of Point Loma.

The climate of Coronado comes as near to perfection as any in the known world. There is a perpetual breeze from the sea which is never harsh, and which yet prevents

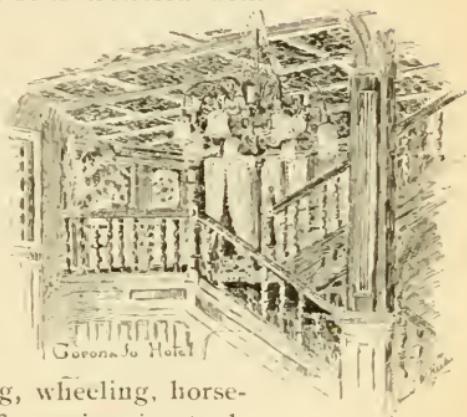
the temperature from rising to an uncomfortable height. According to the San Diego weather reports from 1875 to 1891, a period of six thousand two hundred and five days, there were six thousand and six days during which the thermometer did not go above 80° nor below 40° Fahr. The sea breeze is a peculiarly dry current in Southern California, being the descending return column of air from the Colorado desert. During the day time the heated interior desert is constantly drawing in the cooler sea air which rises on the desert and returns to sea as an upper current, then descending and returning

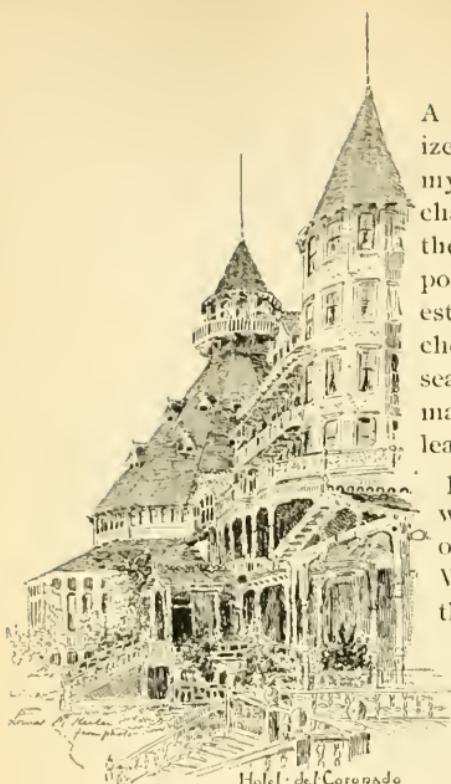


to land in endless rotation. At night the direction of the current is changed, the desert air cooling more rapidly and traveling seaward as a land breeze. It is this constant circulation of desert and sea breezes which makes the climate of the coast of Southern California so free from extremes, so mild, and so beneficial for persons suffering from diseases which are affected by climatic conditions. For many persons troubled with complaints of the throat and lungs the greater dryness of the interior valleys is found more beneficial, and even the harsh aridity of the desert.

As a pleasure resort, the Hotel del Coronado is quite without a rival. Here during the height of the season are assembled nearly a thousand people from all over the world bent on having a good time. There is rowing, sailing and fishing, wheeling, horse-back rides and carriage drives—a fine swimming tank and surf bathing, golf links and miles of sandy beach to stroll upon and watch the white combers come rolling in and breaking upon the shore. There are concerts and entertainments in the large theater, dancing and merrymaking in general.

Among the favorite drives is the one from San Diego around the beach to Point Loma. It is a bracing drive of twelve miles out to the abandoned lighthouse on the summit of the point, past Old Town, over the hard crust of marsh mud and finally around the sand dunes to Ocean Beach facing the fresh sea breeze and catching the little ditty of the shore lark by the wayside. From Ocean Beach the road ascends to the ridge of Point Loma on the summit of which is located a new well-equipped hotel and sanitarium named from its location.





Hotel del Coronado

A number of theosophists have organized a society for the recovery of the lost mysteries of antiquity and have purchased a large tract of land adjoining the Point Loma House, where they propose in time to erect buildings and establish a school. They have certainly chosen a favorable spot upon which to search for the lost mysteries, for it commands everything in sight. The drive leads on along the backbone of the promontory to the old lighthouse, from which point of vantage a glorious panorama of sea and shore is presented. We are not at a dizzy height above the sea — only a few hundred feet — but so aloof from all the rest of the world that the outlook is most striking and impressive. Away off along the western side of the point break the tireless waves of the ocean, and to the south and southeast the blue horizon line is obstructed only by the three rocky points of land, the Coronado Islands. The long curiously shaped strip of sand, separating sea and bay, reaches up from the southeast with the great Hotel del Coronado upon its shore. San Diego lies spread out upon its line of hills with a noble background of mountains — the flat-topped El Cajon and next it the sharp peak of Cuyamaca. San Miguel shows its graceful silhouette against the sky — the peak so often compared in shape and location to Vesuvius — while away off in Mexico looms the great Table Mountain through the mist.

For those who are moved by the fascination of the sea coast there is no more serene and peaceful a spot



Ocean Beach

accessible than the little settlement of La Jolla situated upon a bluff overlooking the curving shore and broad expanse of the ocean. The turmoil of cities and the stir of fashionable life seems very remote here where the waves beat incessantly at the base of the cliffs, wearing away the soft sandstone into fantastic forms, fashioning columns and arches and caves upon the verge of the incessantly laboring waters. Standing upon the rocks with the gull wheeling above and the pelican and cormorant winging over the sea, with the fresh salt air to breathe and the music of the breakers to hear, there is a sense of solitude and rest mingled with the tonic stir of the elements which is at once bracing and soothing.

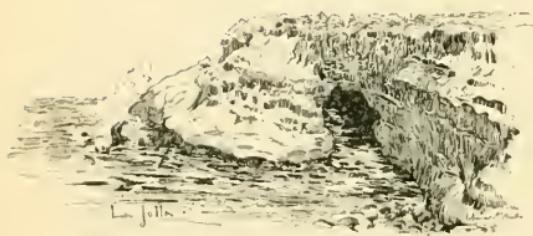
In the crystal pools down at the base of the cliffs may be seen the purple echinoderms amid the seaweed, and starfishes sprawling upon the rocks. Here, amid the dark recesses below the tide the sun streams in, disclosing ribbons and streamers of seaweed, or perchance a fish swimming among the mosses and bryozoa that fringe the sides.

In summer La Jolla is crowded with visitors and campers who enjoy the cool air and the unconventional life by the sea. A stroll at evening along the edge of





the bluff, past the picturesque Green Dragon cottage and off toward the caves, with the vision of the sun dipping down into the ocean and the long curving line of foaming breakers on the shore, stands out vividly in the mind as an enchanting scene.



FROM SAN DIEGO TO LOS ANGELES.

SAN DIEGO and Santa Barbara are the southernmost and northernmost cities on the Southern California coast, with Los Angeles nearly midway between them, but although nearly two hundred and thirty miles apart the climatic conditions do not vary as greatly as might naturally appear. At Point Conception, noted since the days of the early Spanish explorers, the coast line makes an abrupt bend to the East, thus giving the land a southern exposure to the sea. The Santa Barbara Islands break the force of wind and storms upon the shore, and the traveler upon coasting steamers, southward bound, is immediately impressed with the change of climate, upon rounding this historic cape; from the cold, windy sea entering the calm mild reaches of the Santa Barbara channel.

The land journey from San Diego to Los Angeles over the Santa Fe Railroad affords the traveler a superficial view of a large section of Southern California; although it is a serious mistake to assume that such a survey can be other than superficial. It is not infrequently misleading as well, for the same section of country undergoes such incalculable transformations dependent upon the weather, season, and time of day. A hot dry wind from the Santa Ana Cañon, known in consequence as a "Santa Ana," will, in a few hours, make a green fertile region look withered and desolate, while a foggy night following will revive the vegetation and alter the entire face of the country. Again, a dry winter which the country occasionally



experiences will leave in early summer a desert waste of brown where during a normal season luxuriant fields of grain would wave.

Even a typical year presents striking contrasts in the different seasons. Spring lasts all winter long with alternations of sun and shower, with green fields and

songs of birds, varied by an occasional cold snap as in an Eastern spring and some few dreary cold drizzling rains. In the spring months there is an awakening of fruit blossoms and of many wild flowers, while the winter birds hurry to their Northern homes and the summer birds come crowding in from the south. In the early summer the mustard is in its full glory of gold throughout the country, and the fields of grain are ripening and becoming brown. The orange crop of winter has been followed by the deciduous fruits, and the



old birds are leading their bands of young from tree to tree, some of them even venturing to sample the loquats and apricots as they pass. The dust begins to fly in the high road with the passing of a team, and the hills gradually become robed in brown and purple. Autumn comes with southward flocking birds and flying dust, with sere weeds and soft hues of brown and yellow, relieved by refreshing patches of green in an irrigated valley or along the arroyos where the willows grow. Then follow the welcome showers, and the gradual emergence of another spring.

Stepping upon either of the two day trains of the





Santa Fe Road at San Diego for Los Angeles, we skirt the shore of the bay to Old Town, having a parting view of the bold line of Point Loma and off on the land side a glimpse of the historic old settlement and the Mission Valley. For a few miles farther the road follows along the line of False Bay, and then strikes boldly across the country to avoid the detour which the coast line makes off toward La Jolla.

After traversing some miles of inland country, uncultivated for the most part, and, with the exception of an occasional pocket where a clump of sycamores or live oaks grow, devoid of trees or shrubbery, the track again approaches the coast, which is followed more or less closely for the next sixty miles. At times we hurry along close to the sandy beach, where the blue ocean stretches away to the horizon line, and where the white dazzling combers come tumbling in on the shore in unending succession. Again, the track lies some distance away from the shore upon more elevated land, and we notice strange, fantastic formations cut by the water in the soft sandstone banks on the margin of the sea. Inland the country looks green or barren according to season, but now and then a break in the line of hills indicates a stream emptying into the sea, and here we may count on finding some fine gnarled old sycamores.





Adobe Buildings
near Pala Mission.

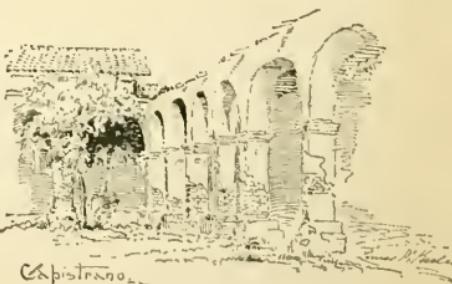
Oceanside is the first stopping point of consequence, a distributing and commercial center for an interesting interior district. This is the end of the Escondido branch of the railroad and

also of the Fallbrook line. Escondido is the busiest interior town of San Diego County, an agricultural and mining depot for an extensive and prosperous country. It is from Oceanside also that the carriage road leads to San Luis Rey, Pala and the fascinating Indian country beyond.

The train, however, gives time for but a glance at Oceanside and a moment for reflection on the history of other days and other races written all over the face of the country, when we are whisked on to San Juan, the last point on the coast. It was from a bluff here that Dana tells of sailing hides down upon the beach below, although I confess to have been puzzled to understand why they were not taken down the arroyo to the water's edge just where the railroad now runs to Capistrano.

Dear old Capistrano—it is not everyone who is impressed by its charm. A lady informed me that she went there with a party and was obliged to stay all day although she had exhausted the place in the first hour. On the other hand, I spent a month there and wished I might have remained at least six. So much for the point of view! But it

is a quiet, fascinating little mongrel town full of the atmosphere of romance and the poetry of a pastoral people linked by all the ties of inheritance



and association with the history of bygone days. The old sacristan is the brother of a mission soldier of sixty years ago. In the veins of its inhabitants flows the blood of mission soldiers and mission Indians. Here are pedigrees worth disentangling, and stories enough to stock a library. From the train, however, the mission looks like little more than a forlorn adobe ruin, and many a traveler looks up from his book for a moment in passing and thinks he has seen it.

About Capistrano and through much of the district on to Los Angeles are beautiful orchards of English



*Principal street in Capistrano
from the Mission.*

walnuts. There is something very cool and restful about these groves of trees, planted far apart, with their clean, smooth bark and ample spread of foliage. There is also much fine grazing land where herds of cattle range over the meadows and hills, and just beyond Capistrano is a magnificent grove of old sycamores bent into fantastic shapes with their huge light trunks and sprawling limbs.

We pass El Toro and presently reach Santa Ana, the largest town of Orange County. It is in the midst of a fine fruit country devoted to the cultivation of oranges, walnuts, olives and loquats, and its streets present an



Depot at Capistrano.

appearance of animation and thrift. The main business streets are paved with asphalt, and the stores that line the way are substantially built of brick. In the residence district are numerous homes nearly concealed from view by the profusion of palms and flowers. Here, as in other garden spots, the Eastern visitor is surprised to see great hedges of calla lilies bordering the way, shooting their fine broad leaves and pure golden-centered chalices many feet into the air. Stately rows of cottonwoods line the way, and the black-headed grosbeak sounds his cheery note from the walnut orchards. The residents of Santa Ana are favored with a little seaside resort for the summer months at Newport, which is but a few miles distant.

Orange is only two miles on our way beyond Santa Ana and in the same fertile valley district. It is the junction of a branch of the railroad which goes to San Bernardino, following up the Santa Ana Valley, with its winding line of willows between the mountains. On this branch road are some lovely fruit sections about Olive and Yorba, where the Mexican flavor is still very pronounced among the inhabitants; and farther on, at Corona, an extensive and beautiful orange section lying

upon the gently rising mesa land overlooking a wonderful expanse of valley. Beyond Corona are Riverside and Colton, and then San Bernardino which is the junction of



many lines penetrating Southern California like the spokes of a wheel.

Continuing on the main line from San Diego to Los Angeles, we pass the staid little town of Anaheim, originally settled by a colony of Germans. A colony of distinguished Poles at one time undertook to experiment in agriculture here, but found that even in California fruit-growing could not be made a success without experience and drudgery. At least two members of this colony, which made a noble struggle here before it failed, have since won world-wide distinction in other vocations than the pastoral ones which brought them here—Madame Modjeska and Henryk Sienkiewicz. Madame Modjeska, however, became so attached to the country that she has since purchased a fine large ranch some miles inland from the railroad, where she spends much of her time when not on the stage.

During the hour of travel from Orange to Los Angeles, several thriving little towns are passed which are devoted to fruit culture and walnut growing, while in the intervening country are grazing lands for stock and fields of grain. At La Mirada a model orange orchard is under cultivation, covering several hundred acres and with a picturesque tiled-roof mission home set in the midst of the grove. The stations here and at Capistrano are especially appropriate in design, following the mission architecture in a very effective manner. Fullerton is next passed—a thriving fruit and grain center—and from Santa Fe Springs, a little farther on, may be had a very pretty view of Whittier spread out upon the foothills above.

Evidences of the proximity of a large city soon



appear as the siren whistle announces our approach to Los Angeles. The city, set upon its hills and spreading over the adjacent valley, lifts its towers, chimneys and spires high above us, and we are soon standing before the Santa Fe depot.



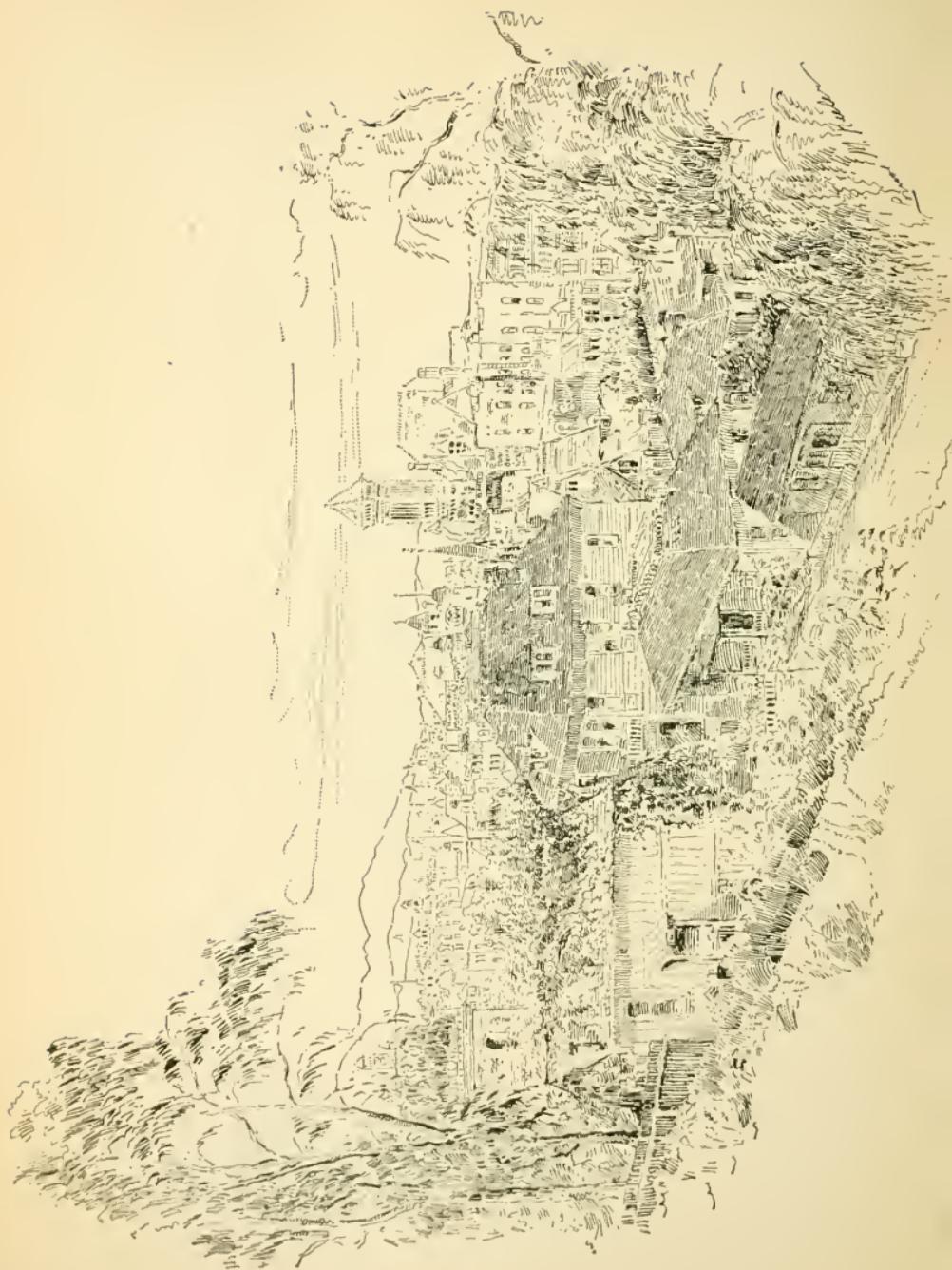
LOS ANGELES.

ON the fourth of September, 1781, a party of twelve mission soldiers, together with their families, amounting in all to forty-six persons, took possession, under direction of the Governor of California, then located at San Gabriel Mission, of a tract of land for the purpose of forming the Pueblo de la Reina de los Angeles. The government furnished them with such necessities for farm life as horses and cattle, tools and agricultural implements of a rude character. The city was laid out around a plaza and land for homes and cultivation was allotted to the heads of families, to be retained so long as they were kept improved and in good repair.

Nine years after the formation of the pueblo, when the first census was taken, the town consisted of a hundred and forty-one persons, a large proportion of whom were Spanish-Americans and mulattos, while fifty years from the date of organization the population numbered but seven hundred and seventy.

Standing today upon one of the city's heights and overlooking the miles of hill and valley from which rise the public and private buildings of a community of over a hundred thousand souls, it is difficult to realize the change which fifty, or indeed which thirty years has wrought. The towers of the city hall and courthouse rise imposingly above the intricate maze of roof tops, church spires, chimneys and telegraph poles, while below all is throbbing the pulse of a great city, with the rumble of electric cars, the ring of horses',

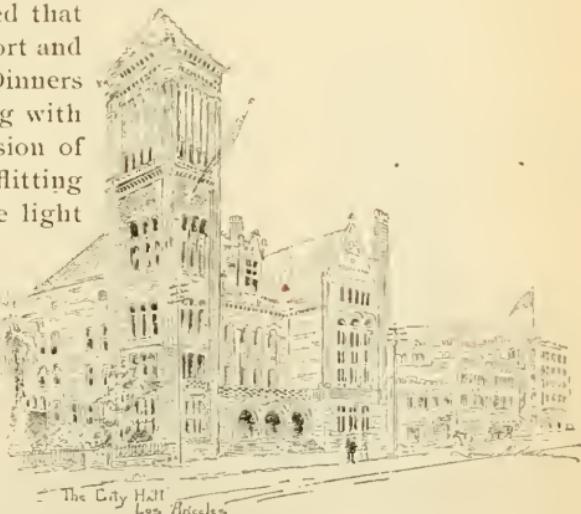




feet on the asphalt pavement, and the far-away call of the newsboy, as one hears in country districts the distant crowing of a cock.

Down on the business streets, where people jostle one another in the rush of modern life, are many fine blocks of stores and offices—great steel-framed structures of terra cotta and pressed brick, well proportioned and simply and tastefully ornamented. The old buildings of the city of ten and twenty years ago are rapidly giving way to the new, and each day's toil contributes to the sightliness and permanence of a modern American city modeled after the most approved ideas of New York and Chicago.

Among the stores of Los Angeles the visitor is particularly impressed by the fine grocery houses, where the neatness, taste and even elegance of the display of food supplies is not unlike a fashionable confectioner's in style. Hotels and boarding houses are numerous all over the city, and the best of them leave nothing to be desired in equipment and service. Accommodations may be secured here in every respect equal to the best hotels of the East. The furnishings and appointments are modern and nothing is omitted that would contribute to the comfort and happiness of the guests. Dinners are served in rooms glittering with lights and gay with a profusion of roses, with girls in white flitting about in attendance, with the light music of a stringed orchestra giving zest to the conversation, and with an array of viands that would please the most fastidious epicure.





The charm of Los Angeles lies in its combination of hills and level reaches, of massive business blocks, and, but a few squares removed, residences set in the midst of gardens where tropical plants and brilliant flowers thrive. The beautiful Sierra Madre Mountains form an ever-present background for the city, blue and jagged in outline, with summits of snow during the winter months.

I know of no city with a more beautiful residence district than Adams street and its surroundings. It is a fine broad avenue shaded by large graceful pepper trees, with here and there imposing groups of eucalyptus lifting their dark swaying branches aloft into the clear air of a cloudless sky. The slightly ^{Hill Street} houses are set back from the street with ample reach of lawn and garden round about, sometimes almost concealing them from view in the wealth of plant life which is so charming a feature of this portion of the city.

Westlake Park is another favored residence district, with its little silver lake surrounded by flowers, shrubs and trees, and with costly homes upon the hills sloping down to its shore. There are many other parks about the city and its environs, including a well-improved square near the center of town,

known as Central Park, and the East Side Park, which, although not very large, contains an attractive lake and many pleasant walks. Elysian

Adams Street

Lorenzo P. Noland

Park occupies a magnificent site, and when improved promises to become one of the great parks of the country, while a public-spirited citizen has presented to the city a tract of three thousand acres, situated a mile north of town, and admirably located for use as a botanical experiment station.

There are other smaller parks about town which will one day be connected into one great system by a line of boulevards. The Plaza is of special interest from the historic associations centering there. Facing it on the west is the old Spanish church built during the mission days, and on the east and north many old adobes which have been made over for the occupancy of the Chinese. These people have an individuality which impresses itself at once upon all their surroundings. It may be only a vertical sign in Chinese characters, or a paper lantern hung over a doorway that gives the oriental color to a neighborhood, but it is unmistakable. In the Chinese quarter of Los Angeles are joss houses resplendent with colors and carvings in honor of their gods, restaurants where tea and the daintiest of Chinese viands are served—preserved ginger and salted almonds and cakes—and theaters where the gaily bedizened actors pipe their high-pitched monotonous ditties, accompanied by the clash of cymbals and the shrill squeak of their violins. In the narrow alleys crowds of Chinamen scuffle along or lounge by their doorways, and little women, bedecked in bright silks and beads, often accompanied by their quaint little children in parti-colored attire, mingle with the throng.

It is but a few blocks from here to the Wilcox, Stimson and Bradbury buildings—massive fireproof structures



Westlake Park



of the most approved modern design, situated in the very heart of a great city with hurrying crowds passing and repassing in endless procession. A strange mingling this of the traditions and types of Cathay close upon the confines of the business heart of a modern American city, virile with the will and energy so characteristic of the modern centers of the West.

The astonishing growth of this city during the past ten years, which had its inception some time before in the completion of the Santa Fe Railroad as a new competitive transcontinental road, is an indication of the great resources of the region; for, despite the boom and the disastrous collapse which followed it, Los Angeles has pursued the even tenor of her way, reaching out

into the surrounding country, replacing the antiquated buildings with modern ones, extending her railroad lines and beautifying her streets and parks. In 1880 the population of the city was 11,000, while in 1897 the census showed a total of 103,786 inhabitants. These figures speak more eloquently than words of the growth of Southern California, especially in view of the fact that this increase does not imply a corresponding reduction in the outlying districts. On the contrary, such places as Pasadena and Redlands have grown even more rapidly in



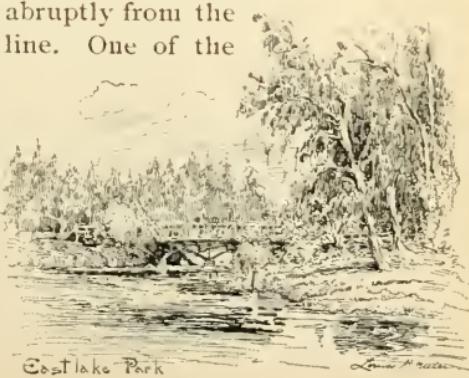
proportion to their size, and the rate of increase in Los Angeles is but an index of the rapid settlement of the fruit districts which surround it.

An industry which has added to the resources of Los Angeles during the past few years has been the development of the oil wells upon some of the hills within the city limits. A plentiful flow of oil, sufficiently refined for use as fuel, has been obtained from numberless wells in this district, the tall derricks for drilling the holes filling every available space upon the land for blocks around.

San Pedro, a seacoast town devoted to the fishing and shipping industries, is the official harbor for the



city, although vessels also land at Santa Monica and Redondo Beach. Santa Monica is a pleasant little town by the sea, with an excellent hotel and every facility for surf bathing, boating and fishing. The shore line makes a graceful sweep at this point, with a sandy beach backed by cliffs of sandstone sculptured by the rain and surmounted by groves of trees. Farther up the beach to the northwest the mountains rise abruptly from the sea in a graceful and imposing line. One of the National Soldiers' Homes is situated near Santa Monica, and the town itself extends over a large tract of land with a busy com-





A Los Angeles Home

James M. Lester

mercial street and many attractive homes. In addition to the railroad lines connecting it with Los Angeles there is an electric car system similar to the one between Pasadena and the city.

Redondo Beach is also a favorite seaside resort, with excellent hotel accommodations and all the pleasures of the sea at hand. During the summer months it is crowded with city people who come here to enjoy the bracing sea breezes and the plunge in the surf or stroll upon the beach.

Had the site of Los Angeles been chosen with the special purpose of accommodating the pleasure seeker it could not have been more conveniently located, situated as it is about midway between the seacoast resorts on the one hand and the mountain resorts on the other, and nearly midway between San Diego and Santa Barbara. It is the great focusing point for the activities of the Southwest, which reach out in all directions from this busy mart. But the people of Los Angeles can fight as well as work and play. When the blast of a whistle finally announced the expected declaration of war with

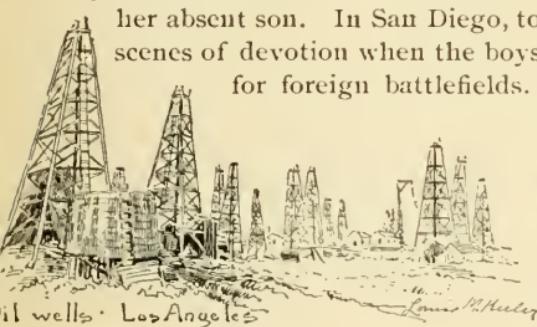


A Los Angeles Home

James M. Lester

Spain, there was an immediate response of volunteers who marched through the streets with flags and music amid the tumultuous enthusiasm of the people. Within a few days trainloads of troops were hurrying through the city on their way to the front and the residents turned out *en masse* to show their appreciation of the brave soldier boys. In this crisis Los Angeles has bravely fallen into line, and many an anxious mother there is awaiting news from her absent son. In San Diego, too, were the same scenes of devotion when the boys left their homes for foreign battlefields.

It is well that our cities of the Southwest can fight for the nation as well as labor for the upbuilding of their own section of the land.





First volunteers of
Los Angeles

Louis W. Miller.



A residence in Montecito

SANTA BARBARA.

WHO does not know of lovely Santa Barbara by the sea, nestled in close to the range of lofty mountains, with its fine old mission overlooking the town, its modern stores jostling against the quaint old adobes and its atmosphere of Boston culture overlapping the *dolce far niente* of the Mexican? It is one of those places which people go to visit and conclude not to leave. It is not a thriving, commercial center nor a bustling metropolis, but many people of refinement and taste have made their homes within its precincts and it is constantly attracting to itself more of the same sort — people who love flowers and music, who read and think. There is an excellent hotel, the Arlington, where visitors can find luxury and comfort enough to suit the most fastidious.

A few miles from town is Montecito, a rambling settlement of fine estates and beautiful homes, reaching from the sea far back into the foothills. About many of these homes the natural setting of live oaks and rocks, of tangled thickets which delight the birds, and open fields of clover have been preserved,



Santa Barbara

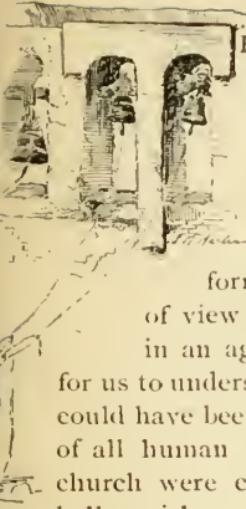


A residence in Montecito

while other residences are set in tropical gardens of rare beauty. There are a number of fine orange groves and vineyards here, but many of the residents of Montecito seem to live, like the flowers, on sunshine and fresh air.

On a memorable evening in the month of June, I stood on the pier awaiting the boat for San Francisco. The full moon came gliding up out of the water in the east, and as it stood just upon the edge of the tide the steamer floated across its shield of silver light. Swinging around, the great, black vessel drifted up to the wharf, its red and green lights reflected in rippling lines in the water, and from its deck the voices of a company of volunteers for the war with Spain, singing old home melodies, floated upon the still night air. How little could the Spanish fathers of a century ago who named the mission and town after their patron saint of war have prophesied such a scene as this!





THE MISSIONS.

THE founding and developing of the missions of California constitutes an episode unique in history. The story has been often related, but a brief account cannot be omitted in a sketch of Southern California. To understand the zeal of these men and the wonders which they performed, it is necessary to realize their point of view on the great questions of life, and this, in an age of skepticism, is not easy. It is hard for us to understand that the mainspring of men's action could have been a belief, bitterly realistic, that the souls of all human beings not baptized into the Catholic church were certain to suffer the eternal torments of hell punishment. To men of gentle and refined natures, the pity aroused by this belief stimulated them to almost superhuman effort, and enabled them to consecrate their lives to endless toil and pain in behalf of the savages thus doomed by divine mandate.

It was this conviction which enabled Father Junipero Serra, an old man with a painful sore of years' persistence upon his leg, to walk with trembling steps from San Diego to Monterey, and to weep because he could do so little for his people. To illustrate the torments of hell he would, during his sermons, pound his breast with a stone until the blood streamed from the wounds. To his dying day he would relate, with tears in his eyes, the incident of the first Indian baby he attempted to baptize. The mother had consented to the ceremony and stood before him with her child. Suddenly, just as he was about to sprinkle the water in the baby's face, she



turned and fled, panic-stricken. He always felt that some unworthiness of his was responsible for the loss of this infant's soul.

When the news of the founding of Monterey Mission reached Mexico and Spain, the people were filled with joy and a festival was held in honor of the event, although all that had been accomplished was the erection of a rude hut of thatch, with a cross beside it and the mission bell suspended in a tree. But it meant to them the salvation of countless Indian souls during the years to come, and a new land brought under the dominion of the King of Spain.

Such was the temper and zeal of the people who accomplished these wonders in the wilderness, remarkable alike for their original singleness of purpose and lofty aim, and for the utter lack of result from their labor upon the ultimate destiny of the land in which they toiled. But their labors, although not productive of permanent result in the historical sequence of events, cannot fail to be significant in example and inspiration; for, however narrow and bigoted their view of life may have been, the unselfish devotion and purity of purpose, coupled with great personal suffering and sorrow, is a lesson which will ever be fraught with meaning as long as men suffer and yearn for better things.

Father Serra and his three fellow-toilers in the work of establishing the missions, were life-long friends, and had been associated from youth in the order of Saint Francis. In middle life they were sent together to the College of San Fernando in the City of Mexico, and after much persuasion received permission from the home authorities to attempt the founding of a chain of



Monterey Mission

missions in Alta California. The Jesuits of Lower California had just been replaced by Franciscans, and the time seemed ripe for an attempt at gaining a foothold to the north. The country was an unexplored wilderness, except that over a century before Vizcaino had discovered the bays of San Diego and Monterey, and had told of the hosts of savages living in the land.

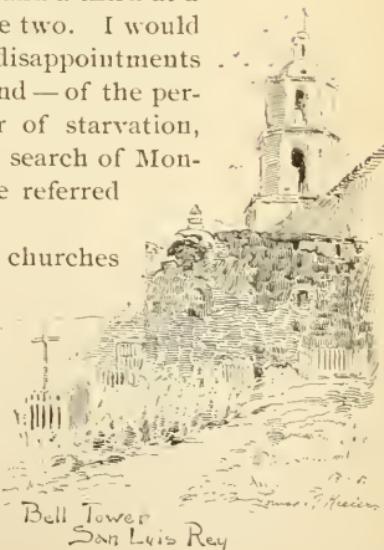
Accordingly, in 1769, an expedition left Mexico for the unknown land, divided into two detachments, one



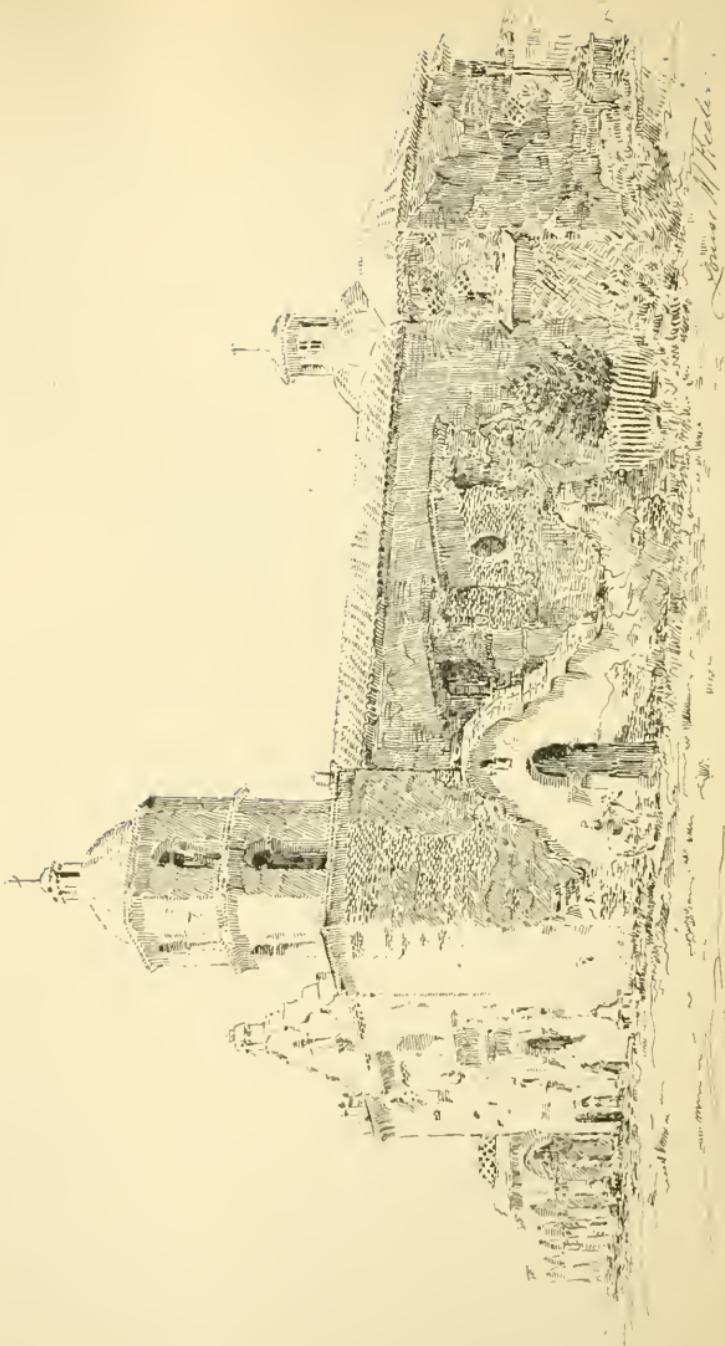
Santa Barbara

going by land and driving stock for the mission establishments, and the other embarking upon the sea in two vessels, one of which was lost before reaching San Diego. The plan called for the establishment of a mission at San Diego, another at Monterey, and a third at a point to be chosen midway between the two. I would that I could dwell upon the trials and disappointments of the first few years in this strange land — of the perils from unfriendly Indians, the danger of starvation, the wanderings without map or guide in search of Monterey, but for all this the reader must be referred to more detailed narratives.

Then followed the labor of building churches and cloisters, with no materials at hand and with only the rudest of tools, with unskilled workmen and often



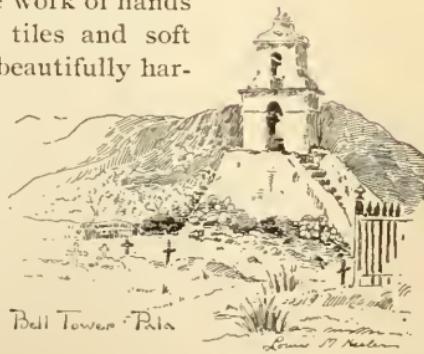
Bell Tower
San Luis Rey

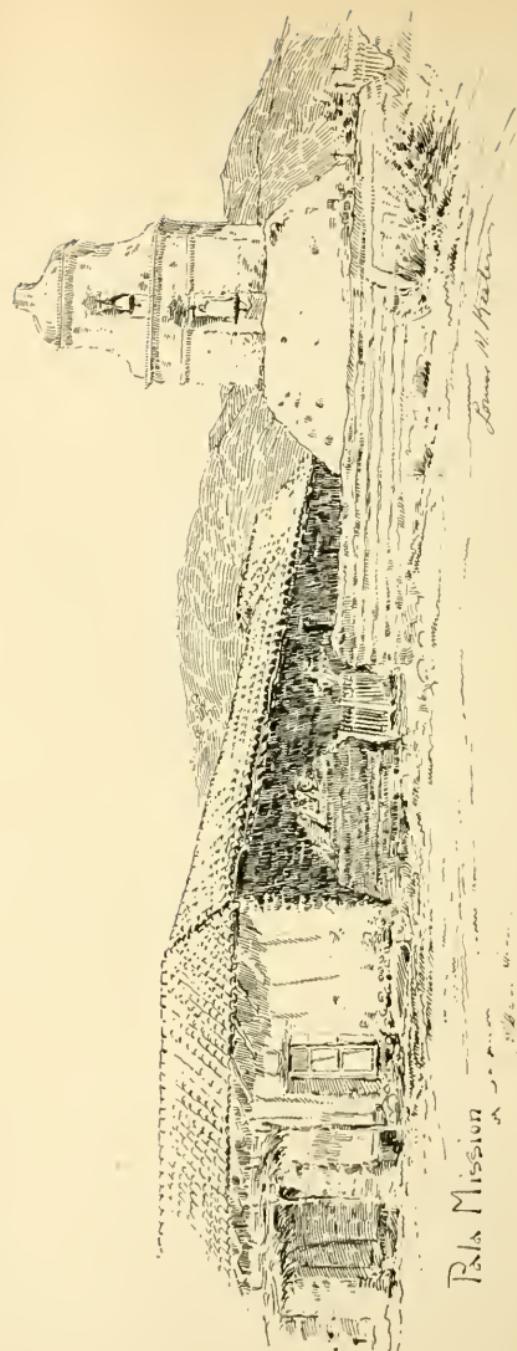


San Luis Rey Mission

surrounded by savages more or less hostile in their attitude. The site chosen was usually upon a commanding point in a valley a few miles inland from the sea, where water was at hand to irrigate their gardens and orchards, and where the surrounding country was in view to guard against surprise by the Indians. Timber for the missions had to be transported from the pine forests high up in the mountains, and at a distance of from thirty to sixty miles from the building sites. It is related that when a tree was felled and dressed in the mountains it was put upon the shoulders of a line of Indians, and blessed by the padre in charge of the work. From this time it never touched the ground until it reached the mission site, being passed from one relay of Indians to another, and carried thus through a wilderness, with but the roughest of trails leading from place to place. Bricks were baked on the spot, as well as floor and roof tiles, while sun-dried bricks of adobe served for many of the walls. The churches, however, were built of stone quarried out of the neighboring hills and united with cement.

With such difficulties to overcome, it would not have been surprising had the resulting structures been uncouth and clumsy in effect, but, on the contrary, they form today, ruined as they are, some of the most noteworthy examples of architecture in America. It is the spirit of absolute sincerity, of immediate contact with nature, of loving interest in the work, which characterizes them. They are literally hewn out of the surrounding land by the pious zeal of their makers. There is a softness and harmony about the lines which shows the work of hands instead of machines, and the dull red tiles and soft terra cotta and buff walls of stone are beautifully harmonious in color. Even the whitewashed walls of plaster are effective with the long, cool shadows of the arches upon





Pala Mission

them, showing between the green of the garden or orchard.

Most of the missions were erected around a large rectangular court or quadrangle, the rooms being surrounded by a corridor supported by massive arches and roofed with tiles. At one corner of the quadrangle stood the church, built with massive walls, five feet or more in thickness, and dimly lighted by square windows high up on the sides. The interior of these buildings is dark, gloomy and forbidding, but well calculated to inspire the worshipers with awe. The interior decorations, although barbaric in feeling, are often beautiful and soft in color.

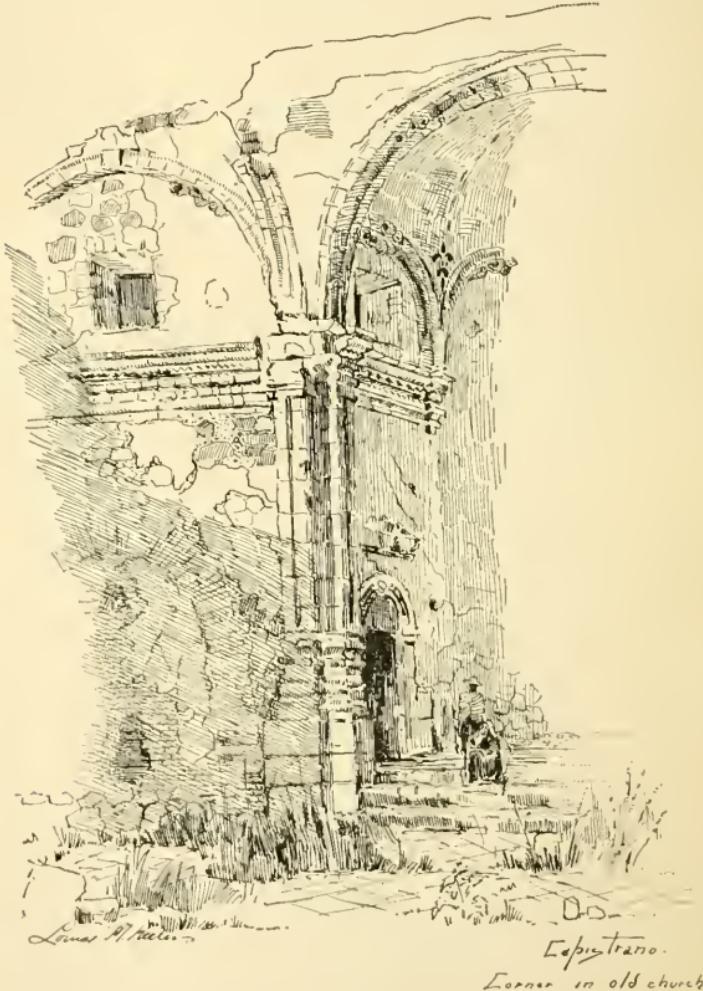
Father Serra did not live to see the full realization of



his hopes and plans, but the seed had been sown ere his death. Fifty years from the date of the establishment of the first mission, a chain of twenty-one establishments dotted the coast valleys, each within an easy day's journey of the next. There were on an average about a thousand Indians living permanently at each mission, and many thousands of cattle, horses and sheep roamed over the intervening country. These Indians were devout Catholics, conversing in the Spanish tongue, living under a strict ecclesiastical régime and carrying on faithfully the manifold occupations imposed upon them.

From the very inception of the mission movement, however, it was intended that the Indians should become

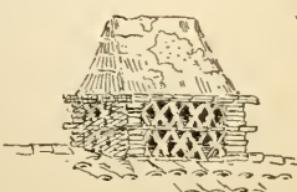
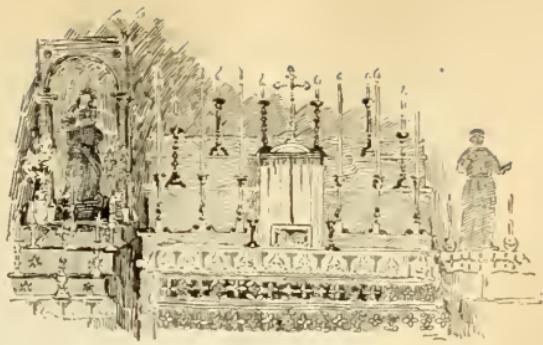
self-sustaining, and, when finally converted and civilized, left to their own devices. With the growth of power and temporal possessions, the Franciscans became more worldly as a class. They did not wish to relinquish the authority won at cost of so great labor, and subsequent events proved that it would have been far better for the Indians had they been left in power. But the pol-

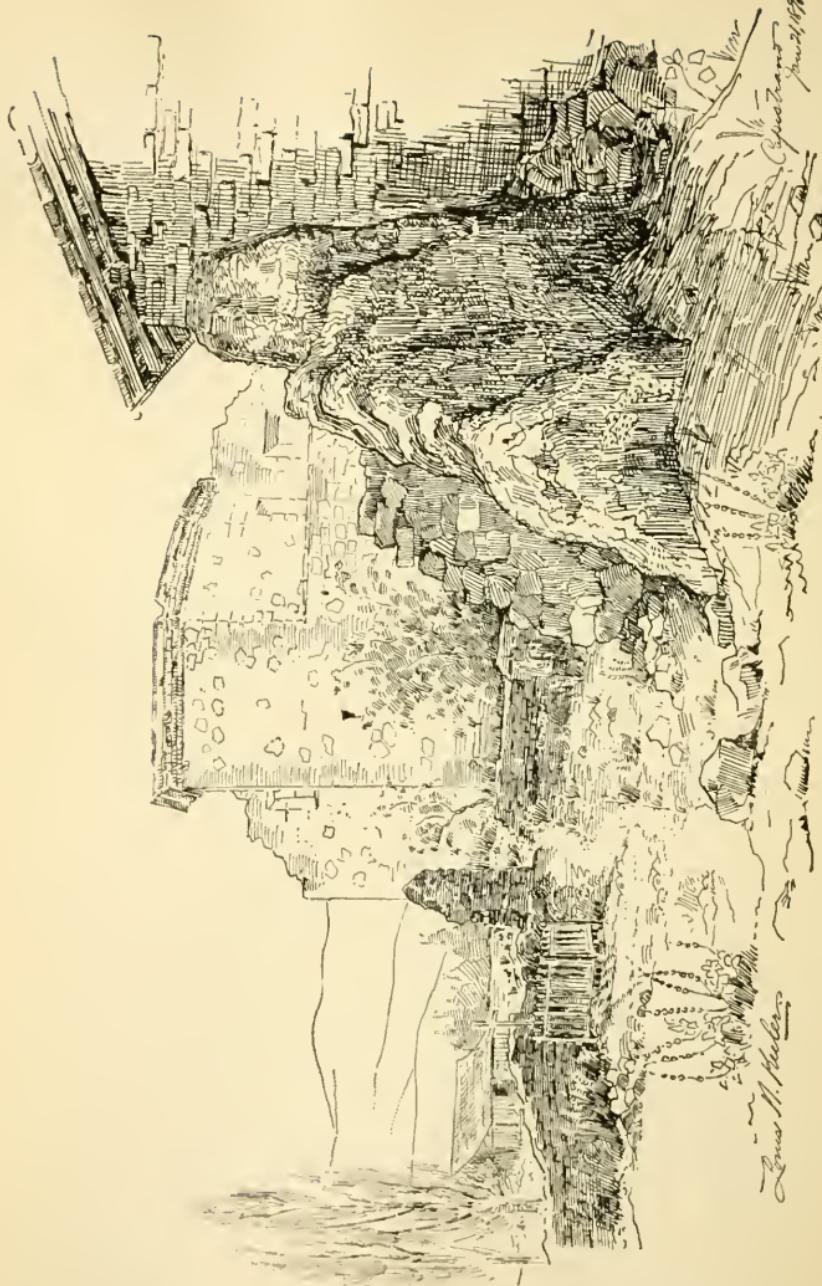


iticians of Mexico finally succeeded in passing the order of secularization which placed the missions in the hands of administrators to become the prey alike of politicians and the people. What the hand of man finally spared has since been at the mercy of the elements and many of the beautiful structures have become mere crumbling heaps of ruin.

The Landmarks Club, organized and carried on largely by the enthusiasm of Charles F. Lummis, has already done much toward preserving what is left of the missions. They have restored a large part of San Juan Capistrano, one of the most beautiful and extensive ruins in America, the work having been accomplished at surprisingly small cost under the careful direction of Judge Richard Egan, and have recently undertaken a similar labor upon San Fernando. Lack of sufficient funds alone prevents them from protecting what is left of all the other missions, and it is to be hoped that this deficiency will be supplied ere long.

San Luis Rey has been restored in part by the Franciscans under the direction of Father O'Keefe, and it is now used as a school for the education of priests who are to serve in Mexico, the government of our neighboring republic not tolerating such schools in its midst. When I first visited this mission the priests were holding an afternoon service. I stepped inside from the warm, sunny day into the chill, vault-like church, and in the dimly lighted place saw one Mexican woman with her black shawl drawn over her head, kneeling upon a mat before the altar, her little child beside her. They were the only worshippers in view, but the voices of the priests in monotonous refrain reverberated through the

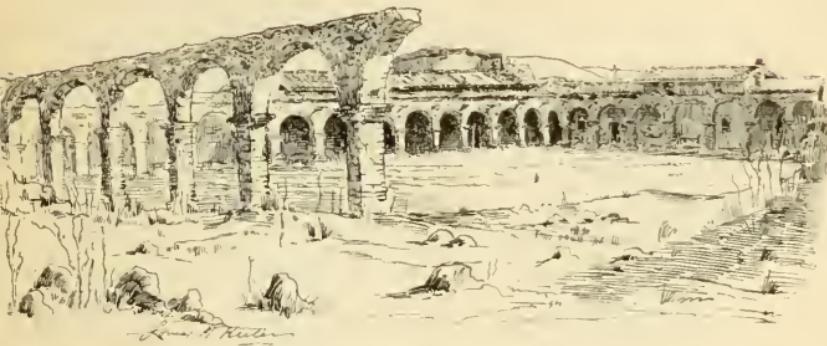




SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.—REAR VIEW OF OLD CHURCH AND GRAVEYARD.

empty chamber. I seemed transported into another land and another century, and a feeling of awe and wonder took possession of me. It seemed unreal, uncanny, and I could almost fancy the kneeling mother and child were but ghosts, and the droning chant of the priests the voices of spirits.

Pala, twenty miles inland from San Luis Rey, is another fascinating spot. The little church never attained the dignity of becoming a fully developed mission, but today, as in the olden times, it is the place of worship for all the Indians in the country for miles around. Its quaint little belfry, overlooking the cemetery, is a

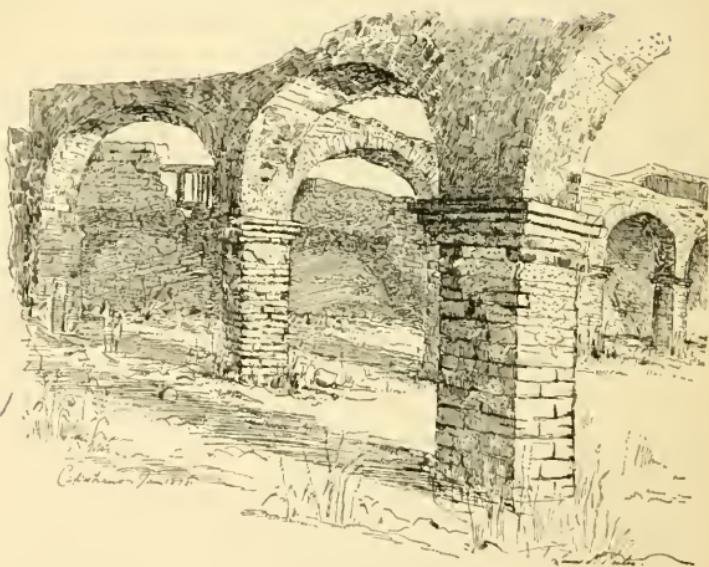


MISSION SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO — PATIO FROM NORTHWEST CORNER.

unique feature, and the decorations in the church are singularly primitive in character, with saints carved and dressed by the Indians, and colored decorations of the crudest character upon the walls. Pala is most beautifully situated at the foot of the Palomares Mountains, in a fertile valley where the San Luis Rey River winds through a tangle of verdure. Between the mission and the Palma and Rincon Indian Agencies is as lovely a country as any I encountered about the missions, and I was not a little surprised to find an excellent country inn at Pala, so removed from the centers of civilization.



San Gabriel Mission

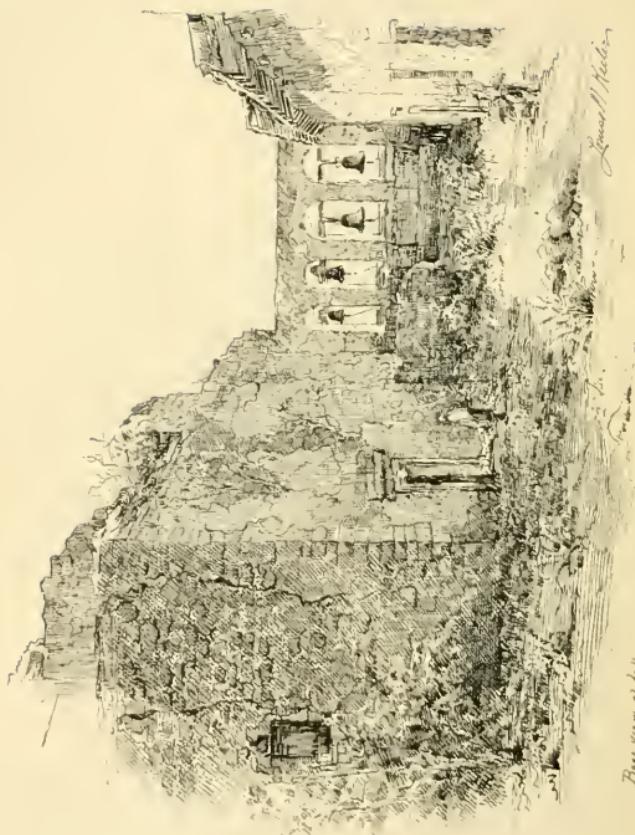


MISSION ARCHES — CAPISTRANO.



The power of the missions is gone, the people to whom they ministered are largely dead and scattered, and the buildings are rapidly crumbling into dust, but about them still clings an atmosphere of romance and poetry, a melancholy peace which is sad, yet beautiful and fascinating. They hold the poet and painter in their spell, but for the pleasure-seeker there are brighter scenes and happier hours awaiting in the modern centers of life, where the past is forgotten and where the days are too short to crowd in all the diversions which are at hand. Coronado and Pasadena, Catalina and Mount Lowe—on every hand are sight-seers and pleasure-seekers, and the old life is but dimly remembered by the new.





Base view of temple
Syracuse Aug 20 1880

L. M. Stoddard

CONCLUSION.

HERE is something in the spirit of life in Southern California that eludes definition and analysis. There is so much genial friendship shown by nature that it is contagious. The perpetual sunshine warms the heart as well as the body. One cannot but be light-hearted when the birds sing all day long and the flowers bloom in winter as in summer. The stir and stimulus of city life is here and the peace and rest of nature. Money and thought are being expended with unremitting effort upon this favored corner of the world to make it realize all the promise of nature. Homes spring up almost in a day, and green lawns and waving trees surround them in a season.

It is a country that mothers love to come to with their babies, for here the little ones play out of doors all day long and nearly every day in the year, growing fat and rosy and merry. It is a land of prosperous homes and orange groves; the refinement of the East and West is united here in the one endeavor to make of Southern California a fruitful, beautiful, and so far as lies within human power, an ideal region. No wonder its residents are proud of what they have accomplished! Each settlement is *the* model colony and each town is



destined to be the metropolis, but it is a pardonable pride when we realize how vital the interest of each man is in his own home and section, when we realize that he has made it out of a waste of sand and sagebrush by his own toil, and that to him it seems a veritable miracle, this sudden springing of a garden out of a desert.



Perhaps there is no feature which so fully insures the future greatness of Southern California, and which is so frequently overlooked by its admirers as its excellent school system.

The influence of the State University has been most important in elevating the standard of instruction, for both the public and private schools are annually examined by its professors, and only those schools placed on the accredited list can admit students to the University without examinations. It is sufficient to add that although the requirements are rigidly enforced, the graduates of a large percentage of the high schools, even in country towns, are allowed to enter the University without examination in all or nearly all subjects.

The old Southern California, so graphically pictured by Dana, is but a poetic background for the new, so different, so much more subtle and intricate in its significance, fraught with such boundless promise of all that is



inspiring in modern civilization. It is a region where men look not backward but forward, preserving only in the country's names the romance of an earlier day. In this forward look they see the commerce of the Orient coming to their doors and an endless procession of trains thundering across the continent freighted with the produce of their fields and groves. Fourteen thousand car-loads of oranges were sent East during the past year. What may not the future bring forth? The mission bells are cracked and the adobe walls have crumbled away, but phoenix-like upon their ruins has grown up a new life and a new people, the pioneers of enlightenment and culture.



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